

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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## CHRONICLE.

**Home Politics.** **T**HE undue positiveness of some assertions about the appointments of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. JACKSON was corrected this day week to a form more consistent with the expression here given to them, occasion being taken in regard to Mr. JACKSON himself for the correction at a meeting which he addressed in Leeds.—On Monday morning the impatience of the public was at last appeased by the formal notice of Mr. BALFOUR's appointment to the Treasury. It was also announced that HER MAJESTY had been graciously pleased to confer a peerage upon the widow of the late First Lord. The minor appointments consequent upon Mr. BALFOUR's translation were not as yet announced.—A long and uninteresting screed of self-justification was published last week by Mr. O'BRIEN in regard to his Boulogne negotiations with the dead leader whom he deserted. If anybody takes an interest in POTT and SLURK "flytings," he may be safely recommended to read the Dublin papers just now. Meanwhile the various vacant seats are causing no small trouble to the anti-Parnellites, whose opponents refuse to let them walk over. It must again be most earnestly hoped that Unionists will not be content with this advantage, but "have at all."

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** On Saturday last news arrived of the resignation of Sir H. PARKES's Ministry in New South Wales, and of the covering of the Russian Loan many times over in France alone. Verily, the silver cups and the gold cigarette-cases of Cronstadt have repaid their cost, and one begins to think that PETER the Great's reason for excluding the Jews from his country was a sound one.—Last week President HARRISON visited a Methodist Conference which had been going on at Washington, and so delighted the English members thereof by his condescension that the Reverend Mr. DAWSON, of Glasgow, said "We shall have to do away with monarchies 'after this' so loudly 'as to be heard by every one present,' while the Reverend Mr. JONES, of Wales, said that his visit to America had 'realized the consummation of his highest ideals,' that 'every rational Englishman would return to 'England convinced that a republic is the only rational form of government,' and that 'more Methodists have been introduced in one day to President HARRISON than during fifty years have been recognized by or introduced to members of the Royal Family.' This criterion of good government, recognized as his highest ideal by the Reverend Mr. JONES, of Wales, is exceedingly agreeable.—Some, but not much, fresh intelligence was received about the Pamir difficulty, in which China seems to have taken regular diplomatic action.—News came of a brush between Chilean and American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso. For Mr. PATRICK EGAN has, by the drollest working of poetical and political justice, made his adopted country hated in Chili.—His Majesty the Emperor WILLIAM has addressed a very effusive letter of congratulation to the eminent Professor HELMHOLTZ on his birthday, pointedly commending him for abstaining from beans—that is to say, politics. Now the eminent Professor VIRCHOW (to whom life has been a bean-feast in this respect) had a birthday the other day and his EMPEROR wrote not to him. So, say the quidnuncs, it was six of a carress for the one professor, and half a dozen of a slap for the other. Which things may remind us of a certain passage in the greatest history of the EMPEROR's family concerning the "infinitely little."—The Government of Zanzibar has been brought thoroughly under English control, and it is hoped that this may still further stimulate the great advance of trade referred to last week.—Mr. SÉNÉCAL, the famous Canadian boddlophagist, has

been arrested.—Hard whipping and steady galvanizing have been resorted to to get some vitality into or out of the Monza meeting, the great M. DE BLOWITZ being, of course, foremost in these humane exercises; but without the slightest effect. Nevertheless, the game has been kept up, and M. DE BLOWITZ, with the noblest frankness, admitting that he "does not profess to be a man whom it is impossible to hoax," has argued, in a column or so, that on this particular occasion he was not hoaxed.

**Elections.** Mr. LEWIS MORRIS of Penbryn no doubt learns in suffering what he teaches in song; but the world hardly knew till Wednesday morning how severe those sufferings are. For twenty years, it seems, Mr. LEWIS MORRIS has been ambitious to serve Wales in Parliament, and Wales would have none of him, preferring the embraces of the most unsuitable candidates to his. "To have been rejected," writes he, "in 1868 in favour of an old gentleman of 82, in 1885 in favour of another of 83, to say nothing of the rejection in the year 1883 of which I will say nothing [poetic repetition or feelings too much?] "was disappointing enough," and accordingly Mr. MORRIS concludes that "either he is not so well known at home as he fondly supposed, or the constituency is below the average intellectual capacity." But suppose Mr. LEWIS MORRIS should be better known at home than he supposes, and that the constituency should be above the average in intellectual capacity. Might not these two suppositions explain the facts which puzzle him? Meanwhile, he floats gracefully down the river of Oblivion, and, like the Dying Swan of another and no doubt inferior bard, "loudly doth lament." It must be annoying for a brisk young bard and lover to be continually rejected in favour of old gentlemen of continually increasing decrepitude. But we elsewhere seek to console him in his own peculiar art.

**Speeches.** On Saturday last Mr. STANHOPE spoke on our military position. Mr. STANHOPE's optimism was rather unkindly commented by news that one of the *Victoria's* 111-ton guns is severely cracked, and will have to be cut down. This, says the correspondent cheerfully, will still leave the gun "a very formidable weapon." Of that we should say there can be no doubt; we might almost, with the provision of a prayer for the safety of the *Victoria's* crew, translate it into French, and say, "Cela saute aux yeux." Lord KNUTSFORD and the Bishop of DURHAM spoke on education, and there were alarms and excursions between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites in Ireland. Mr. BRYCE in Scotland and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL at Glossop have been disturbing themselves much about the unconstitutional character of resistance on the part of the Lords to a Home Rule Bill. Sir CHARLES, of course, speaks merely to his brief, and may be neglected. We are afraid that Mr. BRYCE must have befogged himself over the American Constitution, if he really thinks the nonsense which he is said to have talked about the English. If a Home Rule, or any other Bill, were, after dissolution and re-election of the House of Commons on that special subject, to be sent up by the Commons with considerable majorities in its favour, it might be exceedingly unwise of the House of Lords to reject it. It might be urged that they had satisfied their constitutional duty by once referring it. But it would be their constitutional right to reject it as often as they pleased. Mr. BRYCE has spent very creditable pains on the Constitutions of the Holy Roman Empire, of the United States, and perhaps of other places. Why not try a little constitutional study of his own country?—Mr. CARLYLE would not have been happy on Thursday morning, for the columns of the *Times* were simply stuffed with speeches. Mr. BALFOUR spoke twice at Manchester on Wednesday—in neither case with direct political reference,

though one of his speeches included a defence of Free Education. The other, at a feast of the Victoria University, was chiefly devoted to philosophy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Sunderland, made a fighting speech of the aggressive kind, which has, strange to say, not pleased the Liberal deserters who followed Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. FINLAY spoke at Forfar, the SPEAKER (on Mechanics' Institutes) at Burnley, Lord DERBY (on fruit-growing) at Manchester, Sir JAMES FERGUSSON at a Fishmongers' dinner in London, Mr. FREDERICK SMITH to those who, we hope, will shortly be his constituents, in St. Martin's Town Hall. Mr. COURTNEY, at remote Cawsand, hailed Mr. BALFOUR's advent as Leader, and the mild and ripe political wisdom of Mr. LABOUCHERE in the Isle of Wight "criticized the policy and position of "the ATTORNEY-GENERAL." A terrible total of talk! Mr. BALFOUR spoke twice again on Thursday, at Manchester, on National Defence, and at the Diocesan Conference on Church Schools. Mr. COURTNEY continued his Cornish course, and Lord KIMBERLEY at Watton enunciated the remarkable discovery that it was Mr. GLADSTONE who first went into Egypt. Let no frivolous one say "So we "thought." For, if Mr. GLADSTONE went in: *argal* Mr. GLADSTONE has the right to say "Come out."

Although this chronicle is busied with the past rather than with the future, it may be as well to remind Cambridge men that the first trenches in the projected game of *Troy's Revenge* are to be opened next Thursday, by a proposal in the Senate for "inquiry." A circular which has been issued against the proposal deserves to have its signatures carefully examined. Professor JEBB is, of course, an official defender of Greek; and Professor MAYOR may be dismissed as fearing that his own house will catch fire next. But the Master of St. John's, Professor ROBERTSON SMITH, and Professor ALFRED NEWTON specially represent studies quite different from the ordinary "classics," and their adhesion, therefore, has special weight.

In the earlier part of the week, the *Britannia* Correspondence grumbles continued.—The riverside labour question was taken up by Mr. TOM MANN (in a tone which, whatever fault might be found with it, was not, like his friend, Mr. TILLET's, a cross between that of a scolding woman and that of a ranting preacher), while Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN resuscitated sanitary burial in two columns of the *Times*. Then, as might be expected, arose Sir HENRY THOMPSON, never loth to fight, and countered Mr. HADEN in the cause of fair Cremation, fiery maid.—From a vast sheaf of correspondence on Thursday morning we can only select a very useful letter from an "Oxford Liberal" to the *Times* throwing light on the occupations of the officials of what, by a *suggestio falsi*, ingenious, if not ingenious, is called by its friends "Mansfield College, Oxford." The English of "Undogmatic theology" would appear to be "Home Rule."

The Law Courts. In Ireland the notorious fraudulent stockbroker DU BEDAT was sentenced on Wednesday to twelve months' hard labour *plus* seven years' penal servitude. Meanwhile, in London, Mr. Justice WRIGHT was sentencing a ruffian and rowdy of the worst type, who, after insulting a harmless passenger in a railway carriage, poked his eye out and killed him, to twelve months only, the reduced punishment actually inflicted on HARGAN for killing in self-defence. No one can be more loth than we are to carp at judges; but really this is "unekal." On the same day Mr. GOSCHEN had to give evidence at Bath in a most extraordinary charge of fraud, of which, as it is only in its initial stage, no more need be said than that even Mr. LABOUCHERE will hardly suspect Mr. GOSCHEN of having contemplated the issue of a Government loan at ten per cent.

The London County Council. It was announced at the Tuesday meeting of the London County Council that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Sir THOMAS FARRER had reconsidered their intention to resign, Sir THOMAS remarking emotionally that some of his colleagues "had very kindly" [and surely rather Hibernically] stated their wish that he "should remain in his chair, even though he should be "compelled to seek a warmer climate for part of the time." Then part of the Council wanted to know whether it could not censure, remove, or pension off Sir PETER EDLIN for administering the law to labour rioters, and was much annoyed to find that it could not. So it revenged itself by gracefully grumbling at Captain SHAW's retiring pension, thereby drawing down the really nasty remark from Mr.

BOULNOIS that, if it wanted to show how unfit it is to manage the police, it could not do better than call attention to its management of the Fire Brigade.

It was announced on Monday that the Dean Miscellaneous. of CHRISTCHURCH intended to put an end to his long tenure of that dignified, agreeable, and not unprofitable post by resignation.—On the previous Saturday Waterlow Park, a considerable addition to London open spaces, which unluckily involves the destruction of some interesting old houses, was opened; and the new LORD JUSTICE GENERAL formally entered upon his duties in Edinburgh.—The PRINCE OF WALES spoke at the Veterinary College on Monday, on which day and on the day before it fresh and almost greater damage was done by a new storm.—The Mumbo-Jumbo worshippers who weekly make Eastbourne hideous held a very characteristic function at the Crystal Palace on Monday, and commemorated the decease of the late Mrs. BOOTH in the dark with magic-lanterns. The Eastbourne Salvation rowdies, by the way, encouraged, doubtless, by Staff-Captain Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's approval, have now extended their riot-provoking to week days, and on Wednesday it was all the police could do to save them from well-merited castigation by the townsfolk.—The Bishop of ROCHESTER was enthroned on Thursday, on which day the now chronic gale of the last fortnight once more became acute: the floods in Somerset are very serious, and the water is out all up the Thames.—On Friday morning certain dwellers on the South-Western Railway wrote to complain of the dangerous oscillation of the Western expresses. They may take some comfort; the speed which causes this is adopted to compete with the Great Western broad-gauge expresses. Now the Great Western is going to pull up the broad gauge. Therefore either the South-Western will be able to drop its speed, or the Great Western trains will oscillate too, and perhaps upset first.

The last day of the Second October Meeting Sport. gave capital sport in the opening race, the Newmarket Derby. The Duke of WESTMINSTER's Orvieto ran away from Fitz-Simon, his only opponent. Lord ILCHESTER's Florrie scored her second win during the week in the Nursery Plate, beating a good field; but the most interesting race was that for the Rose Plate, where Ragimunde, the Cesarewitch winner, showed his usual uncertainty, and Queen's Birthday—made a very strong favourite—could only get third to Prince SOLTIKOFF's Star and Lord ROSEBURY's Corstorphine. A match was made of the Prendergast Stakes, and Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE's handsome Priestess won it easily; another of the Thirteenth Challenge, which fell to Colonel NORTH's Sir Frederick Roberts. The racing of this week calls for no notice.

Obituary. Mr. GILBERT A-BECKETT, the ingenious son of a more ingenious father, was a clever musician, a dramatist of merit, and a writer of humorous prose and verse considerably above the average.—Mr. OLIVER PELL was one of the best Tories in the Eastern counties.—Mr. GEORGE CUPPLES, who died at the end of last week at a ripe age, was known to many as the author of the *Green Hand*, and to a few as a writer of other stories and a critic of no small power. But, on the whole, he was one of those who somehow or other miss their due position.

Books, &c. After an unusually gradual quickening up, the book season may be said to have at last set in severely. The most noteworthy of many noteworthy publications are, perhaps, a magnificent issue, in two volumes (GEORGE ALLEN), of Mr. RUSKIN's *Poems*, of the paper, print, type, and illustrations of which it is impossible to speak too well; Mr. FROUDE's *Divorces of Catherine of Aragon* (LONGMANS); a new prose translation of the *Inferno*, by Professor CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, a well-known American man of letters (MACMILLAN); a gorgeous folio of *Real Sailor Songs*, edited by Mr. JOHN ASHTON (SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & Co.); and an interesting and important *Life and Teachings of Mohammed*, by SYED AMEER ALI (W. H. ALLEN).

#### THE NEW LEADER.

EXCEPT for the sake of amusement (which is always a good thing), it is unnecessary now to refer to the wranglings of the daily papers as to the first genuine announcement of Mr. BALFOUR's promotion to the office of



First Lord of the Treasury, and therewith to the prospective leadership of the House of Commons when it meets. Whether A was a belated and ill-informed person, kept in the dark by his party, or B a curious impertinent, who sought to steal a march by converting a probability of the highest kind into an accomplished fact, gods and men, if not newspaper columns, may be content to be ignorant. Nor is any very elaborate notice due to the comments which have been made on the appointment. It is interesting, no doubt, to know that that experienced statesman, Mr. BROADHURST, doubts whether Mr. BALFOUR is "substantial" enough for the post; and to ponder whether Mr. BROADHURST refers to intellectual or corporeal substance—whether, like ADAM WOODCOCK, he thinks that "your man of solid parts remains 'ever a falconer,' or, like Mr. WELLER, opines for the coincidence of literal width and wisdom. To those who know a little, it may be agreeable news to be informed that Mr. BALFOUR "probably does not believe much in the House of Commons." Even the melancholy remark of one of his victims that "he was known to be a cultured person . . . but what will occur to most people as the dominant notes "of his administration are meanness and mendacity," is more touching than important. After all, few of Mr. BALFOUR's enemies have much to say against him except that he is the nephew of Lord SALISBURY. Now, the hereditary principle may or may not be good, but the anti-hereditary principle must be bad. That the best man should be prevented from serving his country because he is the son or the nephew of some one who has served it well already, might seem a pleasant paradox of the humourist if it were not a half-avowed principle of the democrat. As far as the fact goes, everybody who cares to know knows that, though Mr. BALFOUR might have had less chance of becoming First Lord of the Treasury if he had not been Lord SALISBURY's nephew, Lord SALISBURY's nephew most certainly would not have become First Lord of the Treasury if he had not been Mr. BALFOUR.

It is of considerably more interest and importance to examine the characteristics, negative and positive, the display of which has brought it about that a man whose abilities were only vaguely known even to his friends a few years ago now succeeds, with the unanimous assent of friends, and with very modified grumbles even from foes, to the first position in the House of Commons, and one of the two first positions open to competition in the State. Mr. BALFOUR, though an excellent speaker, has not specially impressed himself either on the House or the public by sheer debating ability, and has rarely or never attempted to revive the almost extinct style of speaking which was not debating, but eloquence. It has been the constant cry of his unfriends that he is a lazy man; and, though this is rubbish, it is certain that he has not appeared as a consummate master of facts and figures, either in the way of the late Lord DERBY, who—a by no means laborious person generally—would snatch away a clumsy colleague's papers, go out of the House for half an hour or so, and return to change the whole course of a question by adroit use of them, or in the way of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, who would, against the grain, turn himself into a mere statistical dictionary, or, still less, in the way of Mr. GLADSTONE. Negatives may also be used of him in regard to many other ways of gaining prominence in the House. He has not been polypragmatic, he has not been conciliatory to foes, he has not watched over feeble vessels among friends to give the enemy who presumed on them good drubbings, he has never canted, he has never gushed. And it need hardly be said that he has never attempted (Providence having disqualified him for that task) to produce the effect of stupid, but conscientious, well-meaning which has sometimes placed men very high in the political world. But he might take to himself his country's motto that nobody meddles with him without repenting it; he has exhibited indomitable and ever-vigilant self-possession; and, above all, he has displayed that peculiar gift, or combination of gifts, which is colloquially expressed in the seemingly not very high commendation "he's 'no fool.'" The first of these qualities is of great value, the second and the third are of the greatest. It is said to have been the open boast of the Irish members that they would reduce, it has certainly been the practical result of their actual tactics for years past that they have reduced, Irish Secretaries either to compliance, to idiocy, or to a state of rage which cannot but tell on a man sooner or later. The public—which may not see everything, but which sees what it does see pretty clearly—has seen these arts tried on Mr. BALFOUR, not only without success, but without

even the slightest approach to success. And most qualified observers of both parties have also seen that this success is due to no insensibility, but to that indefinable third quality referred to above, the quality of "being no fool," of being able *contemnere vana*. Mr. BALFOUR may have said and done things which others—and these not only of the party opposed to him—may think wrong, unwise, ill-judged; he has never said or done anything silly.

Of his prospects in that perilous state of life from which, when it is once entered on, there is in ordinary circumstances no escape for a man but failure, death, or the House of Lords, those who like prophesying may be left to prophesy. A mere politician in the unfavourable sense of the word might, perhaps, have preferred not to take the office at the fag end of a Parliament, yet not, so far as is known, immediately before a dissolution, when there is time for failure but hardly for success, and when, if the next election should have an unfavourable result, a man must begin the task of Opposition leader with less allowance and greater responsibility. But the sound rule in all things is never to baulk Fortune's favours, and Mr. BALFOUR has followed it. He must of necessity be exposed to many influences, and courted by not a few temptations. But there is only one of these latter which experience shows to be really dangerous. It is also curiously enough, as in the fairy stories (and indeed, what of importance is there in life which is not in the fairy stories?), the most obvious, and yet the most frequently fatal. We all wonder why the hero will always choose the wrong casket, kiss the maiden at the wrong time or not kiss her at the right, open the door instead of keeping it closed, blow the horn before drawing the sword. And yet we generally do it ourselves. Let us hope that Mr. BALFOUR will not do it. It has happened more than once that, when a great Tory party has been got together, the leader of it has thought either to confirm or to increase his power by borrowing from the programme of his adversaries. He has always had excellent excuses for doing this. There was a sudden national necessity; or the other people would come in and do it worse; or it would prevent the other people from coming in for ever and a day; or it would remove an unnecessary stigma from the party. And so he has done it, sometimes wrecking and splitting his party in the very act, sometimes grudgingly followed by them for a time, only to meet the inevitable disaster soon. Let us, we say, hope that from this danger at least, which, unlike all other dangers, carries with it something worse than dangerous, something which unfriends call disgrace, the many years of leadership of the Tory party in the Lower House, on which Mr. BALFOUR is, we hope, now entering, may be saved. There is hardly any other danger of importance which need be contemplated, for the simple reason that almost all the others are the gift or the curse of fortune. Mr. BALFOUR has such material to work on as never Tory leader in the House of Commons has had for nearly a century. The time is past when it was thought that to be clever you must be a Liberal, and almost taken for granted that to be a Liberal you must be clever—past when there was any necessary severance of landed and mercantile interest—past when any class in the nation had an interest in maintaining abuses. On the contrary, there are some classes who have an interest in creating them. The question is now, that these shall not have their way, that England shall not be "drawn to the dregs of a democracy." And no statesman has ever had a better chance of preventing this, by utilizing the means at his command, than has Mr. BALFOUR.

#### MR. STEPHEN ON GREEK.

THERE is something pathetic in the conduct of men who espouse forlorn causes. They constantly write and argue as if the forces of barbarism were accessible to reason. Thus Mr. J. K. STEPHEN writes a pamphlet, "The Living Languages: a Defence of the Compulsory Study of Greek at Cambridge" (MACMILLAN & BOWES), just as if proving one's case had much to say to the matter, or was like to convert a Scythian or a scientific opponent. The Greekless and graceless will merely reply, like the Scotch judge who was not Lord BRAXFIELD, "Mon, ye're a very 'clever chield, but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur of 'a hanging.'" Scientific gents who solemnly discuss what they call "Panmixia," in *Nature*, are capable of saying *gladiolus*, and of any other enormity. "A deliberate and

"implacable hostility is entertained towards the old studies of the University by some of those who consider themselves the champions of the new," says Mr. J. K. STEPHEN, with perfect truth. And yet he hopes that wit or reason may convert deliberate and inveterate hostility. Every University man knows that the scientific people there are, as a rule, and with exceptions, and from the point of view of literature, "the stupid party." You cannot convert stupidity. We are delighted to learn from Mr. STEPHEN that all the scientific people at Cambridge are not stupid, nor enemies of the language of philosophy, from which they borrow, and sometimes deprave, their technical language. But, unluckily, some people who know Greek are ready to welcome a substitute. But we do not say that all people who know Greek have wit, nor that all who do not are dull. St. AUGUSTINE and SCOTT knew no more Greek than the hero who invented the word Panmixia. But the scientific men are the worst. They are the aggressors. "Nobody tries to interfere with them," and these children of the horseleech are always getting the University's money to build hideous barracks, and evolve detestable odours, and pickle defunct abortions therein. Science "will humiliate and cast down Latin and Greek if it can." If it can, and as it can, science will defile and pollute everything natural and beautiful which it can come across. A little Greek, all that he can pick up, is of no particular use to the young scientist, and it really does not matter much whether he is made to smatter it or not. But it is a point of principle to show "that an acquaintance with that part of Greek which can be readily taught to all boys at any of our higher schools is regarded at Cambridge as indispensable to a properly educated man." As Mr. STEPHEN clearly shows, it is boys, and their education, not young men, whom we must think of. If a little Greek is not to be demanded at Cambridge, very many boys, as is natural to boys, will show excellent reason for learning none, at school; and Latin will follow Greek. Mr. STEPHEN, therefore, tries to demonstrate that Latin and Greek are living languages—a self-evident fact to all but boys, parents, and some schoolmasters. Greek and Latin live, the mimes of HERONDAS are as vivacious as the dialogues of GYP. But nobody speaks Greek and Latin, for the lingo of the Greek newspapers is rather worse than any jargon of the Andaman Islands, having all the faults of the worst journalism, flourishing in contempt of the speech of the greatest poets and sages.

Mr. STEPHEN does not speak as an accomplished scholar; and that fact, whether his modesty states it correctly or not, makes his argument all the stronger. We cannot all be JEBBS or LUSHINGTONS, but all of us, who have learned Greek, know how much we owe to the language, even if we be no great clerks in it. Like Mr. STEPHEN, "we can honestly say that we do not regret a single hour of those which we spent in the study of the language" of HOMER and of LUCIAN. "Greek is a beautiful language," and to have loved it is a liberal (not a scientific) education. Even a latent knowledge of Greek "is associated with aptitudes, capacities, and tastes, which sprang from and have survived" a man's "actual familiarity with the language." Again, "the great storehouse of metrical devices is Greek literature." Perhaps we can hardly go with Mr. STEPHEN when he maintains that even a reluctant boy takes in something of the Greek spirit, "through the pores," as it were, when he is at school. Would that it were so, but we are compelled to doubt it—that is, as concerns the very dull and careless boys, who, perhaps, do not all get scientific scholarships. But, if a boy is ever to have a glimpse of what Greece was, it is from Greek literature, not from manuals, that he must get it. Unluckily the scientific foes of Greek seem so absolutely devoid of even a glimmering of knowledge here, that Mr. STEPHEN must be wrong. Boys who are going to be scientific, or most of them, are in invincible ignorance of the charm of Greece. So this part of the argument appears not to hold water. All our sympathies are with Mr. STEPHEN; but then he may have underrated the giant ignorance of his opponents.

Mr. STEPHEN ends his list of the educational merits of Greek with its difficulty. That is its merit, or rather one of its merits, as an educational instrument; but the difficulty of Greek is really the reason why idle and thoughtless and dull people hate it so. In Greek you must be right or wrong. You cannot, as Mr. GLADSTONE did, tell the examiners who wrote "Rule Britannia" when they ask who wrote "God Save the King," if the question is a question of Greek grammar. You cannot shuffle through

Greek. To learn it "teaches a boy to learn." That is why SCOTT was constantly regretting that he had never learned Greek. Mr. STEPHEN's arguments are all approved out of the mouth of "the Greek dunce" in the early chapters of *Waverley*. But very few persons are generous enough to appreciate a subject of which they know nothing, and among these few are not the Philistines of physical science. They appeal to ignorance, indolence, and bad taste, the which are neither rare nor impotent allies. A comfort is that they cannot take away the knowledge of Greek from those who already possess it, nor smirch nor inoculate the literature of Hellas with their pestilent fumes, and the putrid matter of consumptive rabbits. And they have not even yet.

#### ALDERMAN COBDEN.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN, whom Mr. COBDEN credited with the capacity of making his way as an author, failing more profitable investments of his industry, has, we believe, made more than one essay in literature, chiefly of the retrospective and autobiographic kind. To this department the volume which he has just published—*Alderman Cobden of Manchester* (WARD, LOCK, BOWDEN, & Co.)—belongs. COBDEN, as he was known to Sir EDWARD WATKIN, is his theme. The book, in which not only the author, but the papermaker, printer, and bookbinder, have done their part well, is illustrated by portraits of COBDEN at different periods of his life, of his parents, and of his son; sketches of his residences in Manchester and Sussex; engravings of places associated with the municipal and political life of Manchester, facsimile letters, and other documents of COBDEN's career. It is, perhaps, a little too finely got up to be quite in harmony with the simple tastes of its subject; but it is a very suitable book for the drawing-room table, and more convenient for the hand than drawing-room-table books usually are. In Manchester especially the volume will be interesting, as reviving in its earlier pages a Manchester which, though chronologically little more than fifty years back, will seem to the present residents in Cottonopolis a sort of Manchester of the middle ages.

To be introduced to Mr. RICHARD COBDEN of the League, and of unadorned eloquence, as Alderman COBDEN of Manchester, is somewhat of a surprise. Politically, Mr. COBDEN seems to have been born an alderman. That was how he emerged into public life. Manchester, like Birmingham and other great towns, was not included in the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, for the simple reason that it had never been incorporated. The years which immediately followed the passing of the Reform Act were a period of new brooms. Apart from this, it was impossible that a great centre of population and industry, which had just received Parliamentary enfranchisement, should consent to remain, as regards its internal government, subject to "the borough reeve and two constables elected at the court-leet of the lord of the manor." Mr. MORLEY, with that philosophical penetration and that large sense of the charities of history which mark him, has summed up the struggle thus:—"The classes who had lost the privilege of bad government on a large national scale tried hard to retain it on a small local scale." This was not COBDEN's contention. "No one," he said, "has ever heard me say that the town had been badly managed. . . . But what I wanted to see was the people of Manchester exercising judgment and discretion themselves and electing good men themselves." It is evident that the principle that self-government is necessarily good government became in later life a very doubtful one in his mind. He looked askance at Mr. BRIGHT's agitation for an extension of the franchise. His earlier positive faith became a very negative affair. The most he ventures to say is:—"I do not oppose the principle of giving men a control over their own affairs. I must confess, however, I am less sanguine than I used to be about the effects of a wide extension of the franchise." Again, though he admits that an extension of the franchise must and will come, he admits a lack of enthusiasm for it, and urges that the time which Mr. BRIGHT proposed to spend in its attainment would be better employed in labouring for particular reforms by means of the existing Parliamentary mechanism. Perhaps he recollected that the beginning of Free-trade, Roman Catholic Emancipation, and the removal of Non-conformist disabilities, had been the work of the un-



reformed Parliament, and that, but for the outbreak of the French Revolution, they might have been accomplished nearly half a century earlier. Mr. CORDEN's views with respect to Parliamentary reform were in effect not very different from those of Mr. LOWE. If he had lived to take part in the discussions of 1866 and 1867, his relations with Mr. BRIGHT would probably have kept him out of the Cave of Adullam, but his attitude to the changes then proposed would have been rather that of sombre acquiescence than of eager welcome. These questions scarcely emerge from the notes and recollections of Sir EDWARD WATKIN, but we think it opportune to recall to the idolaters of a great name how little sanction Mr. CORDEN's maturer judgment gives to the New Radicalism which sometimes claims his posthumous support.

On the whole, the impression which Sir EDWARD WATKIN's memoranda leave is an agreeable one. He describes Mr. CORDEN at forty-five or fifty "half-skipping" along a pavement or a railway platform with the lightness "of a slim and almost dapper figure." The physical image has a certain truth to character. Mr. CORDEN's was a nimble, agile, dexterous mind, more flexible, perhaps, than strong. There was a curious feminine element in it, which was shown, not only in its power of management and accommodation, but, when he was strongly moved, in a certain shrillness of vituperation, which is singularly unlike the massive and grinding, but always restrained and deliberate, denunciation of Mr. BRIGHT. This is not the place to discuss his political doctrine, which was far more clearly thought out than that of Mr. BRIGHT. It consisted in an application of the analogies of trade and of the individual life to the relations of States. He took an infinitesimal fraction of the whole for the whole, and as he left nine-tenths of the elements of most political questions out of account, his political predictions have been more signally falsified than those, perhaps, of any man of equal ability who was foolish enough to prophesy. Thus, he wrote in 1860, "I have little fear for the progress of Free-trade opinions in France. The French are a quick and logical people, that go by leaps towards any object they have in view. Once on the incline towards commercial freedom, they will travel at a greater speed than any other nation. With them their own maxim *C'est le premier pas qui coûte* (sic) eminently applies." If Mr. CORDEN could have lived to see the French tariff as it is in 1891! In 1857 he gave the English nation three years to come round to his opinions on foreign policy, to which they have not yet come round. The narrow range of Mr. CORDEN's vision in politics was curiously in contrast with a certain openness and liberality of mind on other topics. He had a freshness of perception in literature and art, a relish for the beauties of nature, and a taste for society which led PROSPER MÉRIMÉE to describe him as the most interesting Englishman he had ever met. But his politics were those of the counting-house and the bagman—the bagman who had read ADAM SMITH. Another remarkable feature in his character was his entire absorption in a certain middle-class feeling, distrustful of the classes below him, and curiously disdainful and defiant of the classes above him. Lord GREY could not talk more about his order, and his resolution to stand by it, than Mr. CORDEN does in many of the letters and speeches quoted by Sir EDWARD WATKIN. In his speech at the meeting of the Manchester Athenæum, over which Mr. DISRAELI presided, Mr. CORDEN dwelt with special emphasis on the fact that the Chairman "was the first man of distinguished genius who in a work of the imagination has assigned to a man of my order something like an honourable status in his pages. I remember Mr. MILBANK and I thank him for it." Mr. CORDEN was, in fact, as Mr. DISRAELI called him after his death, the greatest statesman of the purely middle class whom England had produced. The stamp of its limitations and antipathies was almost as marked as that of its signal excellences; both are conspicuous in Sir EDWARD WATKIN's entertaining and instructive volume.

#### ELECTIONS PENDING AND IMPENDING.

WE have no sympathy whatever with those who, ridiculing in their opponents what should put themselves to shame, deride the attacks of the Gladstonians upon seats which they have apparently no chance of carrying. They are, in our opinion, quite right

to run a candidate for the Strand Division for all the enormous majority of between three and four thousand which they must pull down to win. Even if they fail of materially reducing it—which, considering the large number of political Indifferents who either support or refrain from opposing highly eminent and esteemed public men without regard to party considerations, is improbable—they will have got good rather than harm from their fight, even regarded as a mere "demonstration." There is, or was, a foolish notion current among Unionists, and not, we fear, without some favour in high quarters, that it is damaging to their cause to advertise its weakness in those places in which its adversaries possess notoriously a great predominance of strength. This species of political *mauvaise honte*—for it is really nothing better—left many a Nationalist seat uncontested in Ireland at the last two elections, to the great discouragement, as we believe, of the spirits of the Loyalists in that country. We earnestly hope that the mistake will not be repeated at the next election; and that those too sensitive "organizations" which shrink from the pain of seeing their candidate beaten by a large, even if a reduced, majority will steel themselves to endure the pang. Lord BEACONSFIELD never mixed more truth with his humour than when, in rallying Lord GRANVILLE on his declining to move a vote of censure because of the certainty of its defeat by the Ministerial majority, he observed:—"But you yourselves will never be in a majority if your nerves are so delicate."

The Gladstonians of the Strand Division, therefore, have set an example which Unionists will do well to follow in all respects but one. Indeed, we are not sure that they might not, in a sense, follow it even in that respect. For they too often make it their indolent excuse for not attacking a Gladstonian seat that the enemy's candidate is a very strong one, and that they cannot lay their hands on any hopeful competitor. Let them take a lesson from their adversaries, who, rather than allow a walk over, even to so strong and popular a candidate as Mr. FREDERICK SMITH, have not hesitated to enter such a "performer" as Dr. GUTTERIDGE against him. It may be, of course, that "the stable" do not care to bring out a better horse to carry so crushing a weight; but there it is. The spirit of the party, individual or collective, shows itself in the fact that they intend, if not with a "flyer," then with a "crock," to have a run for their money. Nor are they always obliged to put up with a candidate like Dr. GUTTERIDGE in contests of this kind. The South Molton division of Devonshire is a strong Unionist seat enough in all conscience. Lord PORTSMOUTH is, and has long been, a name to conjure with in the district. The present peer had held for a fair number of years the seat he has just vacated, and he was returned at the last election by a majority of two thousand. Yet the Gladstonians have had no difficulty apparently in finding a more than tolerably strong candidate to contest the return of Mr. BULLER; and, indeed, they have been provided with him, and the constituency have enjoyed the benefit of his attention, for some time past. It is not extremely probable that he is any more likely than Dr. GUTTERIDGE to lead his forlorn hope to victory. It is the mere fact that apparently desperate enterprises are faced without hesitation by our adversaries alike in Devonshire and in London that impresses the popular imagination; and the party which neglects or refuses to employ these methods of impressing it will be the loser thereby in the long run.

There should be a good deal of interest, in any case, in the process of filling up the vacant seats in Ireland, whether the Irish Unionists do or do not avail themselves of any opportunity which it may offer of taking part in the game. The manoeuvres in particular with regard to the Cork vacancy are not a little curious. It was at first announced that, as a mark of respect for Mr. PARNELL's memory, one of his old followers would offer himself as his successor instead of a new man, and the name of Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND was suggested as an eligible candidate for the seat. It was then, however, pointed out that this "high-strung young" patriot's seat at North Fermanagh was a shaky one; and that, aided by the present dissensions among the Nationalist party, the Unionists would in all probability capture it. Hence Mr. JOHN REDMOND has come forward in place of his younger brother—TIBERIUS GRACCHUS as a substitute for CAIUS—and will vacate North Wexford ("a county me family has represented for fully half a century") in order to contest Cork. North Wexford, he says, "no matter what differences there may be as

"between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, is an absolutely certain seat for Home Rule." Which is all very well, if it were necessary to create a Parnellite vacancy at all; but, except as a compliment to the late leader at the possible expense of his cause, it is not necessary. A sufficiently eligible "new man" might surely have been found to take Mr. PARNELL's place, and there would then be only one instead of two Parnellite seats to be scrambled for by Unionists, anti-Parnellites, or both. Mr. REDMOND, moreover, goes on in the next breath to emphasize the importance of the difference between the two sections of the Nationalists. "Are the electors of Cork," he asks, "prepared to put the destinies of Ireland into the hands of a party whose independence was sold to an English statesman as the price of his continued countenance and support, or are they prepared to vindicate Mr. PARNELL's memory, and rescue Ireland from the shame that is sought to be cast upon her by those whose actions undoubtedly had the effect of sending him to an early grave?" Yet, while these momentous questions remain unanswered, and indeed, in order to be able to ask it in his own person, Mr. REDMOND is content to risk the capture of North Wexford by "the party whose independence was sold, &c." and to comfort himself with the inconsistent reflection that a seat which may possibly be won by the traitors whom he has just described is an "absolutely safe seat for Home Rule." But for what sort of Home Rule, if it should pass into the hands of "Home Rulers" of the type of those distinguished anti-Parnellite politicians who are now being pleasantly described by a considerable section of their countrymen as "the infamous Bantry gang"? It must be admitted that the mere fact of our having to ask this question gives a certain air of unreality to the domestic quarrel of the Nationalists, and should prepare us for at least the possibility of its being patched up at some time or other before the next election.

There is a significant passage, however, at the close of the speech of Mr. REDMOND's, which may have an important bearing on the question of reunion. "From my knowledge of my fellow-countrymen in America," he said, "I am convinced that they will rally to the cause of an independent party." It was not for nothing, we may imagine, that this reference to the American Irish was so pointedly and abruptly brought in. Much, no doubt, will depend upon that "rallying" movement to which Mr. REDMOND refers. At present "my fellow-countrymen in America" are showing, and have for some time past continued to show, a marked disinclination to rally to either side. They have maintained an attitude of neutrality which, if "benevolent" to either side, was certainly not so, as far as could be seen, to the seceders; and it was believed by many of those best qualified to judge that, if, or as soon as, Mr. PARNELL found time and inclination to undertake another American tour, he would find little difficulty in winning over the great majority of what may be called the "subscribing" as opposed to the intriguing and wire-pulling elements of Irish Nationalism in America. That opportunity has now been lost for ever, and the Irish American may possibly continue to watch the struggle without taking sides in it for some little time longer. We shall not, however, be far wrong in assuming that their support will ultimately be given, and their contributions forwarded, to that section of the party which appears to them to be capable of inflicting most annoyance upon England; and if the process of "domesticating" the Irish Parliamentary party goes on as rapidly as the Gladstonians evidently hope and expect, their choice will not fall upon the followers of Mr. MCCARTHY and Mr. DILLON. Add to this that the anti-Parnellites are pretty sure to find the alliance with the priesthood considerably more of a hindrance than a help to them with their American countrymen; as the Parnellites, if they take every decent opportunity of fighting the priestly influence at the polls, will have enough chance of showing. The great need, however, of each party is, by some means or other, to set the stream of American money flowing once more. It is the common lack of funds which, at the present moment, renders the prospect of the struggle so uncertain. Irish Unionists in the meantime would do well not to rely too much upon the unaided effects of disorganization; and, indeed, should only bestow attention on that disorganization so far as it affords them a chance—which should never be missed when it presents itself—of capturing Nationalist seats.

#### THE DEAN OF CHRISTCHURCH.

THE announcement that the Dean of CHRISTCHURCH will resign his office at Christmas, and retire into private life, was unexpected, although it ought not to be surprising. Dr. LIDDELL is eighty years of age, and even in these days of youthful veterans a man of eighty is no longer young. The Dean has presided over the House for more than five-and-thirty years, during which every other college in Oxford has changed its head at least once. More than ten generations of undergraduates have come and gone since he returned at the invitation of Lord PALMERSTON to the college where he had been a tutor, and which he had left to become Headmaster of Westminster. Westminster and Christchurch are connected like Winchester and New College by familiar ties. The Dean himself, like the still more distinguished scholar who has just been elected member for Cambridge, was educated at Charterhouse. His double-first was obtained in 1833, two years after Mr. GLADSTONE'S. If, as the late Lord HALIFAX used to say, his own double-first was better than PEEL'S, and GLADSTONE'S was better than his, it seems to follow that LIDDELL'S was better than GLADSTONE'S. Certainly the Dean's scholarship is of a very high order indeed. When SHIRLEY BROOKS saw "HOMER'S Iliad" on the back of a volume in a friend's bookshelf, he remarked drily, "I believe it is 'the best.'" Nobody talks of a Greek lexicon without meaning LIDDELL and SCOTT. If German philologists have criticized, perhaps justly, the etymological soundness of the book, and students of ARISTOTLE have not always found it exhaustive, most readers of the classics confine themselves to wondering how their predecessors got on without it. Of the two jokes which a keen scrutiny discovered in its pages, one cannot be quoted, and the other has disappeared. It used to be, but alas! is no longer, stated that the derivative of *αυτοφάντης* from the practice of informing against the illegal importation of figs into Attica was a mere figment. The austere gravity of the two Deans cancelled this jest as soon as it was revealed to them. No one, we believe, ever ventured in their presence to comment upon their explanation of *ἀλογος*. But the Lexicon was not the only important work of the Dean's pen. He had scarcely succeeded Dr. GAISFORD when he published his *History of Rome* from the earliest times to the fall of the Republic. This excellent book has been, like PALEY'S *Evidences of Christianity*, debased and mutilated by summaries and abridgments. To be appreciated, it must be read in its original form, and it will well repay perusal.

The PRIME MINISTER will have a difficult and a delicate task to perform in selecting Dr. LIDDELL'S successor. It is needless to observe that the general opening of Headships to laymen does not include Christchurch, whose titular chief is an ecclesiastical dignitary. It would be flattery to say that Dr. LIDDELL has been an altogether perfect dean, or even that he has raised the character of Christchurch as an institution. He is perhaps himself as good a scholar as THOMAS GAISFORD or CYRIL JACKSON. But he allowed the House to become a fashionable lounge for idle youths, who, as he once told them in good old English, seemed to think that they had come there to guzzle and swill. He did not, however, like the Master of Balliol, angle for young men of title, and exaggerate their merits when he had caught them. The truth is that the Dean, like Sir JAMES GRAHAM, created a false impression by his stately appearance and somewhat overbearing manner. A thorough gentleman, he often seemed to be rude when he was only shy. The aristocratic haughtiness of his demeanour concealed, not only a kindly disposition, but a soft-hearted reluctance to give pain which led him to tolerate almost anything, except the deliberate destruction of artistic treasures. By the tutors and the whole teaching staff of the College he was always held in the highest respect. They found that there was hardly any subject of which he did not know something, and very few of which he did not know a great deal. In the work of the University he took a leading share, being not only an admirable man of business, but sagacious in counsel and the soul of justice. A man of fine, and even magnificent physique, he became almost as much a part of picturesque Oxford as Magdalen Tower. Oxford will hardly know herself without him, and perhaps he hardly knows her without his old friends. One of them, JOHN MATTHIAS WILSON, sometime President of Corpus, of whom few people outside the University ever heard, was associated with Dr. LIDDELL for many years in directing the reforming party in Congregation and the Hebdomadal Council. For the Dean, though belonging to a



Conservative family, has through his life been, not only a Broad Churchman, but a supporter of almost all the modern innovations made in the University. And although he ceased to follow Mr. GLADSTONE in 1886, he would up to that time have regarded his old friend as also his political leader. A combination of qualities and circumstances, among which seniority must, of course, be reckoned, makes him the first man in Oxford, and his retirement is something more than an academical event.

#### THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE interchange of courtesies between the Chairman of the London County Council and his colleagues at this week's meeting was in itself both seemly and satisfactory. The Council having expressed their unanimous wish that their Chairman should reconsider his resignation, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has declared his willingness to retain the post until next spring. This amicable response to a very natural request was only what was to be expected in the circumstances. Nor is it surprising that the example bore fruit in the return of the Vice-Chairman and Deputy-Chairman. Thus the joys of re-union have speedily followed the sweet sorrow of parting. The Council have every reason to thank the goodness and the grace that on their effort smiled, for never was blameless request, such as theirs, met with finer or more soothing urbanity. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was admirably gracious in speaking of the request of his colleagues as a command he could but regard as an honour in him to obey. Their action, on the other hand, needs no commendation. Self-protection is a law of human nature. They saved themselves a good deal of trouble, besides strengthening the feeble hands and securing the appearance of a braver face what time the "ides of March" should be upon them. Everybody must be pleased to know there had been no falling out between Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and the Council. On this point the assurances on both sides were effusive—as complete, in fact, as the testimony of the Fire Brigade Committee, some months since, to the amicable relations that had always existed between Captain SHAW and themselves. No misunderstandings, the Chairman declared, had caused the parting between him and his colleagues. All they had done, it seems, was to inspire him with a desire for rest and leisure—a desire that must have been revived very thoroughly by the subsequent proceedings at the meeting. Certainly, when once the Council had regained their Chairman, things went pretty well as heretofore. The voluntary pains so cheerfully taken by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK were unrewarded by any repentant sighs. There were Councilmen unmoved by that touching and politic reference to rest and leisure. Upon them the grace and goodness that must have shamed aught but triple-hided vanity into a decent semblance of better behaviour smiled in vain. Once again it was Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's thankless task to deal with the insolent innuendoes of Mr. CHARRINGTON with regard to a recent inquiry of Mr. TROUTBECK, the Coroner. Undeterred by Mr. TROUTBECK's emphatic denial, Mr. CHARRINGTON reiterated the slanderous accusation that material evidence had been suppressed by the Coroner, and undismayed by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's ruling that the Council had no power to act, nor the slightest ground for action if they had the power, Mr. CHARRINGTON claimed "the right" to say that the public would not attach much importance to Mr. TROUTBECK's denial. Thus, it appears, the right to slander and insult a Coroner, and the right to libel the common sense of the public, are valuable privileges of the London County Council.

We can but sympathize with Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's yearning for retirement as we consider the spectacle of the Chairman of the County Council defining "powers" and correcting "views" like a modern mother of the GRACCHI whose offspring refuse to be instructed. It is hard to conceive a more ridiculous position than Sir THOMAS FARRER's when compelled to explain to his small listening senate, with exquisite gravity of speech, that the Council has no power to remove HER MAJESTY'S judges, or to reform their sentences at the dictation of Radical Clubs and Trades Unions. It seems that the General Purposes Committee, instead of attending to their business—which, if names mean anything, must be sufficiently vague and varied—have been receiving friendly communications from an association of gasworkers, the political Committee of the Eleusis Club, and the Holborn Liberal and Radical Associa-

tion. These august bodies want the County Council to reprimand or remove Sir PETER EDLIN. They do not approve of the sentences passed by the judge on certain rioters and others whose offences were the natural fruits of the strike agitators with whom they are directly in league or not less directly sympathetic. Strange to say, the instructions to the General Purposes Committee of these simple persons found a supporter in Mr. DAVIES, who affably doubled the part of a "Progressive" Councilman by appearing as delegate of the TAPERS and TADPOLES of Chelsea and Holborn. The discussion that ensued can have proved satisfactory to nobody concerned except the workers in gas. Mr. DAVIES, indeed, showed a natural, or Council-like, inflation on this great occasion. He wanted to know if the County Council could not reprimand a judge when that judge was not approved of by gasworkers and others. "Can we not reprimand him?" he repeated, after Sir THOMAS FARRER had solemnly explained that the Council had no powers to remove Sir PETER EDLIN, though, with regard to the reprimand, if Mr. DAVIS demanded further inquiry, Sir THOMAS must positively ask for "further time." As to what the Vice-Chairman meant by this "further time," we are left completely in the dark. But it is clear enough that his share in the farce was perfectly congenial, and his the burden of silliness in a supremely ridiculous discussion. His interrogator—the delegate of gasworkers—was kind enough to be willing to see Sir PETER EDLIN "pensioned off," an expression of goodwill that led the Vice-Chairman to explain that Sir PETER EDLIN was not entitled to a pension. This cheap display of generosity was followed by a renewal of the discreditable attacks upon Captain SHAW, which, together with the Report of the Fire Brigade Committee, supplied Mr. BOULNOIS with ample material for a very effective criticism of the tactics of a "progressive" Council. Here, again, the amazing point of the business is that any discussion should have been permitted upon an amendment so absurdly irrelevant as Mr. THORNTON's. As Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was compelled to explain, in the end, Captain SHAW was legally entitled to his pension. The amendment, therefore, of which notice must have been previously given, was merely a pretext for the impertinence of Mr. THORNTON. The Council had no option in the matter. They had as much right to interfere as they had to prescribe a scheme of government for St. Paul's School. If anything could add to the absurdity of the position in which the discussion placed them, it was the reminder by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK of their recent resolution requesting Captain SHAW to withdraw his resignation. They knew that the services of Captain SHAW thoroughly merited this recognition, and even if he had no legal title to a pension, his claim to a pension on retirement would still be undeniable. Everybody knows—except Mr. THORNTON, who pretends to know better than everybody—that Captain SHAW made the Fire Brigade what it is. Mr. THORNTON's opposition was not merely futile, as it was the Chairman's painful duty to explain; it was a paltry exhibition of spite and childishness. Altogether, the proceedings of the London County Council on Tuesday were a pretty commentary on the opening address of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. It remains with Londoners to decide next March whether they will be represented by men of sobriety and business capacity, or by persons willing to act as the delegates or tools of institutions like the Eleusis Club.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT SUNDERLAND.

IT is perhaps hardly necessary for us to say that there is more than a little in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's spirited and hard-hitting speech at Sunderland last Wednesday with which we are unable to agree. We are not quite prepared either to admit the justice of all the grounds on which he extols the past performances of the Government, or to recognize his right to promise and vow in their name the three things for the performance of which he undertakes in the closing passage of his speech. In his tacit assumption, moreover, that in the last Parliament the Liberal-Unionists alone stood between the country and the legislative adoption of Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule scheme, he goes a little beyond the warrant of the facts. He has of late used sound constitutional language about the probable dealings of the House of Lords with any second edition of the Separation Bill of 1886, and he should remember that the action which that branch of the Legislature would, as he rightly said, be justified in taking in the contemplated

contingency, it could have taken with even stronger justification five years ago, before the constituencies had been consulted at all on the question of Home Rule. There is no ground whatever for the assumption that, if Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill had passed the Lower House, the Lords would have shrunk from the plain duty imposed upon them in that event by the Constitution and have allowed Mr. GLADSTONE to dissolve the legislative Union of the Three Kingdoms without a previous appeal to the country. Nevertheless, we fully admit the force of the argument that that appeal would have been made under very different conditions and with far better prospects of success for Mr. GLADSTONE if he could have contrived to carry his whole party with him; and we should certainly, therefore, be the last to underrate the service rendered to the country in that connexion by Lord HARTINGTON and his followers. All we ask in return is that they should resist the temptation, to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has more than once succumbed, to exaggerate it.

With these reservations, we can heartily join in the applause which this latest and most powerful of his attacks upon the policy of his late leader has won from both sections of the Unionists, and which the Gladstonians are justifying according to their wont, by their ludicrously furious outcries against both speech and speaker. What fate the future may have in store for the Liberal-Unionists as a separate political organization we do not venture to predict; but even if they are destined to political extinction, it is agreeable to reflect that there is at least one among them who will give the Gladstonians many a bad quarter of an hour before he disappears. And it would be as well for members of that party who, on the strength of thoughts begotten of their wishes, amuse themselves with prophesying the annihilation of the Liberal-Unionists, to refrain from supporting their prophecies after the *maladroit* fashion of Mr. MORLEY. There was no happier or more damaging hit in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech than his retort upon Mr. MORLEY'S observation that there is "no room for a third party in English politics." That was precisely the opinion of the late Mr. PARNELL, and it still remains the opinion which the anti-Parnellites have staked their whole credit, as independent Irish Nationalists, on confuting. If it is really true that there is no room for a third party in English politics, Mr. PARNELL'S attitude is, from the Nationalist point of view, triumphantly vindicated, and that of Mr. DILLON and Mr. MCCARTHY stands overwhelmingly condemned. They have been striving their utmost, these unfortunate patriots, to convince their countrymen, in opposition to their late leader, that alliance with one of the two English political parties does not mean absorption; and here is one of the leading lights of that party axiomatically affirming that this, and nothing else, is exactly what it does mean. The new leader of the Parnellites has the best reason to be grateful to Mr. MORLEY for having so obligingly confirmed the contention which Mr. JOHN REDMOND and his party exist to uphold. Mr. DILLON and Mr. MCCARTHY may divide their resentment between Mr. MORLEY, who has blurted out the unwelcome truth, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who has done his best to drive it home to the Irish mind. They will be kept in company by their English friends, so far as the last mentioned object of their indignation is concerned; for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, stimulated as he always is by the presence of a hostile element among his audience, was in what Gladstonians find his most irritating mood. He not only said many things hard for them to hear, but some things which—from him—are almost intolerable to listen to. Such, for instance, and *par excellence*, was his remark upon the "awful mess" which Mr. GLADSTONE might be expected to make of our affairs at home and abroad if he were restored to power. "The grounds of your prediction?" shriek the Gladstonians, with gnashings of the teeth. "It is, it can only be, founded on the history of the second Gladstone Administration—an Administration in which you, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, did for five years actually hold an office, and sit in humble adoration at the feet of"—but here they become inarticulate, and the form, not to mention the colour, of their visage is changed. "And you're blue, you know," as Mr. FEEDER observed to the boy who choked while Dr. BLIMBER was describing the luxury of the Romans. It is a painful scene, and we gladly turn away from it. But in common candour we must admit that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on the "awful messes" of Mr. GLADSTONE is hard for a Gladstonian to listen to.

#### THE MALADY OF CRIME.

DR. STRAHAN believes that crime is disease. Being a medical man, he is not likely to follow BULWER LYTTON in the rest of his theory, and maintain that disease is crime. The late Mr. Justice BYLES was once trying a prisoner for larceny, and the defending counsel argued that it was a case of kleptomania. "Of course your Lordship knows what that is." "Yes," said the judge, "it is what I am sent here to cure." There are legal doctors as well as medical, and most people who have coats or spoons would prefer Dr. BYLES to Dr. STRAHAN. Dr. STRAHAN holds that criminals act, like Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, upon instinct. It was instinct, and not cowardice, which restrained Sir JOHN from attacking Prince HAL, though the Prince was disguised, and fell upon him. It is instinct, and not dishonesty, which leads to theft; instinct, and not brutality, which leads to murder. But how if the instinct be itself brutal or dishonest? The old plea is easily answered. If the criminal obeys forces over which he has no control, so do the judge and the jury, the gaoler and the hangman. There does not seem to be much more difficulty about instinct. Self-preservation is instinctive if anything is, and most peaceable citizens have an instinctive respect for law and order. On Wednesday, in the Green Street Courthouse, Dublin, a stockbroker named DU BEDAT, formerly President of the Dublin Stock Exchange, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and seven years' penal servitude for a series of complicated and elaborate frauds. If crimes of this sort are instinctive, everything is instinctive, and the word ceases to have any intelligible significance. A man who jumps out of a boat to save another's life acts more instinctively than a forger or a fraudulent bankrupt. But if crime is not always instinctive, and if other things are instinctive as well as crime, the value of Dr. STRAHAN'S thesis would seem to be infinitesimal. If people say that they break the law because they cannot help it, they are not to be logically refuted. You cannot argue with a prophet. You can only disbelieve him. You cannot argue with a criminal. You can only imprison him. A tendency to steal may be hereditary, like a tendency to drink. These are the mysteries of human nature, which for practical purposes we must take as we find them, and which Dr. STRAHAN does nothing to elucidate. FIELDING'S swell-mobsmen, who put his hand into pockets which he knew were empty, and cheated at cards, though he was sure he should not be paid if he won, would have been an admirable example for Dr. STRAHAN to produce before the British Association.

Not satisfied with his performance at Bath, Dr. STRAHAN, in a letter to the *Times*, proceeds to "touch upon five points—viz. insanity, suicide, phthisis, general health, and cost of maintenance." A more miscellaneous category was seldom framed, and we can only be thankful that Dr. STRAHAN did not add colour of hair, or imitate the Rev. LAURENCE STERNE by composing a chapter on noses. Dr. STRAHAN'S ideas or reasoning are peculiar. He finds that the general percentage of insanity last year was five and a half in ten thousand of the population, whereas, in "our local prisons"—whatever they may be—it was two hundred and eighteen in ten thousand. It does not seem to have struck this great statistician that imprisonment may sometimes be the cause, and not the effect, of insanity. If Dr. STRAHAN were told that forty times as many sailors as landmen were drowned in twelve months, would he conclude that there was something peculiar in the constitution of the sailor which rendered him exceptionally liable to death by immersion in water? So with suicide. It is much commoner in prisons than out of them. Probably. It is also, we make no doubt, commoner in Bethnal Green than in Belgravia, in Whitechapel than in Grosvenor Square. When GUISCARD was awaiting his trial for stabbing HARLEY, his mistress sent him a bottle of sack. The gaoler would not give it him, for fear there might be poison in it. Did the gaoler think that criminals were insane, or that GUISCARD would like to cheat the gallows? Dr. STRAHAN maintains, and adduces figures to prove, that prisoners are five times more consumptive than other people. We do not quite understand what inference he draws from this fact. If prisons are unhealthy, that is a matter for the Prison Commissioners. That consumptive patients are specially wicked is a revolting paradox for which no evidence can be produced. "Prolonged detention" under an "indefinite sentence" is Dr.



STRAHAN'S agreeable panacea for the evils which he somewhat confusedly describes. It is a hideous form of moral torture. But how it would prevent suicide or consumption, how it would lower the cost of maintenance, or lead to any result more valuable than hypocrisy and malingering, we cannot for the life of us make out.

#### THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE TRAMWAYS FROM THE RATEPAYERS' POINT OF VIEW.

ON the 10th of August the statutory period of six months during which the London County Council may give notice that they will compulsorily purchase the lines, buildings, plant, &c., of the London Street Tramways Company began to run. As a motion to purchase has already been made in the County Council, and as the decision finally arrived at with regard to this Company will doubtless form a precedent for dealing with the other tramway Companies as the purchase clause in their respective Acts becomes operative, some considerations on the probable results of the acquisition of the tramways by the County Council, from the ratepayers' point of view, may not be out of place.

The public legislation on tramways is contained in the Tramways Act of 1870, portions of which must be incorporated in every private Act. Among the clauses so incorporated is Section 43, which provides that the local authority may purchase "the tramway, and all lands, buildings, works, materials, and plant," under the following conditions:—

1. The resolution to purchase must be proposed and carried at a special meeting of the local authority, summoned with a month's notice.
2. Two-thirds of the constituent members of the local authority must be present and vote at the meeting.
3. The resolution to purchase may be proposed within six months after the expiration of twenty-one years from the time when the construction of the tramway was authorized, and within six months after the expiration of every subsequent period of seven years.
4. The approval of the Board of Trade is required.
5. If these conditions are fulfilled, the purchase must be effected "upon the terms of paying the then value, exclusive of any allowance for past or future profits of the undertaking, or any compensation for compulsory sale, or any other consideration whatsoever."
6. Disputes as to the purchase value are to be determined by a referee appointed by the Board of Trade.

Part of the London Street Tramways falls in, as has been said, from last August, the rest in 1895 and 1898; the North Metropolitan, part in 1892, part in 1898; the London, part in 1894, part in 1898; while after 1898 the period of twenty-one years begins to expire for the other Tramways, and the cycle of seven years begins again for the London Street and the other Companies named. Therefore, unless the ratepayers express an emphatic opinion on the subject one way or the other, it is probable that the question of purchasing the tramways will be revived in the County Council whenever any section of any of the Companies' lines falls in. The six months during which notice may be given of the purchase of a section of the London Street Tramways Company's lines expires in February next, immediately before the elections. It is to be hoped that those members of the Council who have already prevented the statutory meeting from being held will succeed in stopping the moribund Council from committing the ratepayers to a heavy expenditure of doubtful value, until their constituents have had an opportunity of considering the subject.

In the useful Report drawn up by Mr. A. Bassett Hopkins for the Highways Committee of the County Council, to which the present writer is indebted for information on some points, the purchase of the tramways is recommended (p. 44) in the interest of the public at large, the employees, and the ratepayers, and it is, of course, clear that if the Council can purchase on profitable terms, and can find a responsible body of men willing to accept their conditions as to "traffic, fares, and the treatment of workmen," and to pay a valuable rent for the use of the tramways, the ratepayers would benefit. The question is whether the necessary conditions can be fulfilled, and until this question has been more discussed than has yet been the case, it is at least premature for the Council to take the very important step which they now contemplate.

Supposing that the immediate question was the purchase, not of the London Street Tramways, but of the lines of the better paying London Tramways Company, the first point to be considered is the terms of purchase.

In the statement of accounts of this Company for the half-year ending 30th June, 1891, the capital expenditure is given as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Tramways open for traffic . . . .	300,090	8	1
Property and buildings . . . . .	168,730	4	0
Machinery and plant . . . . .	15,719	13	8
Total	£484,540	5	9

This is the present value of the "tramway and all lands, buildings, works, materials, and plant" which may be purchased under the Act, exclusive of the rolling stock, animals, harness, &c., after a considerable sum has been written off half-yearly, on each account, for repairs and renewals. Since the Act says that the purchase is to be made on the terms of paying the then value, it is fair to assume that the Board of Trade arbitrator would fix the price at some such sum as that for which the property appears in the Company's books.

It is true that Lord Monkswell hopes to effect the purchase of the tramways "at a price far below the market value." If by "market value" he means the value including the goodwill, no doubt the Act supports his claim; but if he means to get the undertakings at a price below their present value, exclusive of goodwill, compensation for disturbance, &c., then the Act is against him, and it is not likely that the Board of Trade will consent to an unnecessary expropriation of private property on terms so unjust to the present owners.

It seems a little doubtful whether the County Council can exceed a capital expenditure of 300,000*l.* for the purchase of tramways, as the stock they may create for this purpose is limited to that amount (Tramways Act, § 21); but if the Board of Trade approved of the purchase, probably the Council would be able to obtain Parliamentary powers to raise what money might be required.

Let us then suppose that the Board of Trade referee fixed the purchase price of the London Tramways Company's property at about the price for which it appears in their books, or say 484,000*l.* The County Council would borrow this sum at 3 per cent. per annum, making an annual charge of 14,520*l.* for interest, exclusive of any repayment of capital. The London Tramways Company has borrowed at 5 per cent. and recently at 4½ per cent. Supposing that the capital expended on the property sold were returned to them, they could afford to pay as rent what they are now paying as interest on loans, and could therefore lease the lines, &c., acquired by the County Council at a rate between 4½ and 5 per cent.—say for simplicity, 5 per cent.—on the purchase-money. Five per cent. on 484,000*l.* is 24,200*l.*; and as the County Council would be paying 3 per cent., they would make a profit of 2 per cent. on the outlay = 9,680*l.*, or say 10,000*l.* a year, equivalent to a rate of under one-fifteenth of a penny in the pound.

It would be impolitic, to say the least of it, to burden the metropolis with a heavy debt for so small a benefit as this, and no doubt the County Council expect to receive a far higher rent. But will they get it? Even were the rent double the figure suggested, the relief to the rates would be infinitesimal, whereas to the shareholders of the leasing Company it would make a difference of about 3 per cent. in the annual dividend. Seeing how very speculative a business tramways are, how small and uncertain is the margin of profit, and how easily it may be absorbed owing to unavoidable causes, the possibility of obtaining from any Company a higher rent than that suggested, or say about 5 per cent. on the purchase-money, is at any rate highly problematical.

In this rough calculation the cost of maintaining the lines and other property leased has been left out of account, on the assumption that it would be, as at present, at the charge of the Company. If the County Council undertook the maintenance and repairs, they could of course demand a proportionately higher rent, but their expenses would increase to a corresponding amount, and the result to the ratepayer would be the same.

An illustration of the extreme uncertainty of the profits of this business may be found in the speech made by the Chairman of the London Tramways Company to the shareholders at the last half-yearly meeting. Mr. Sellar there shows that the receipts per mile run were '83 of a penny less during the half-year ending June 1891 than during the corresponding period of 1890, owing to the weather; and this fractional decrease represents a loss of over 13,000*l.* on the half-year in the receipts, in addition to an increase, owing to the severe weather, in certain items of expenditure. Again, in consequence of a rise in the price of grain, the forage account exceeded that of the previous half-year by 4,000*l.* So that these two perfectly unavoidable causes—the state of the weather and of the corn market—resulted in a loss to the Company of 17,000*l.* on the half-year, or rather over 4 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares. With these necessary risks before them it is most unlikely that the shareholders would accept a lease which would be equivalent to a permanent charge of 2 or 3 per cent. on their precarious dividend; and yet, unless they

do consent so to burden their capital, the County Council will be unable to lease the property and will have to work the tramways themselves, with probable consequences which will be considered later. And it must be remembered that the particular Company chosen as an illustration is that of all the London Companies which makes the best return to the shareholders. If the London Tramways Company cannot pay a high rent, still less can the other and less remunerative concerns afford to do so.

So far the hypothesis considered has been that the County Council purchase the property, according to Act of Parliament, at its present value, and lease it without any burdensome restrictions. It now remains to discuss the probable effect of some of the conditions which the County Council would in all probability impose on the leasing Company.

The chief of these, and that which it is the avowed intention of the Company to enforce, is a limitation of the hours that the employees are to work. This is spoken of as a matter of course in Mr. Bassett Hopkins's Report (p. 44), and a clause restricting the working hours to ten was inserted in a recent Bill promoted by the Harrow Road and Paddington Company, and in the Bill of the London Tramways Company for the extension over Westminster Bridge; and when the Harrow Road Bill came up for the third reading in the House of Lords, Lord Monckswell, speaking presumably on behalf of the Council, said that "so much stress did the County Council lay on the point that, if by any chance the clause should be lost, they would prefer that the Bill should not pass" (*Times*, July 14). It may, therefore, safely be assumed that some limitation of the hours of labour will be insisted on by the Council in any lease that they may grant after acquiring any of the tramway properties.

It is a question how far the Act of Parliament gives to the County Council the power of inserting such provisions in a Tramways Bill. Without the consent of the local authority a Provisional Order authorizing the construction of a tramway cannot be obtained (Tramways Act, § 4), and, therefore, the Bill cannot be promoted in Parliament; and this power of withholding their consent has been interpreted by the Council as permitting the imposition of these restrictions as a condition of allowing the Bill to proceed. But the House of Lords took a different view and struck the labour clause out of the Harrow Road and Paddington Bill. Lord Morley's opinion, which received the support of the House, was that a clause of that description should be introduced in a public Bill, and not in a private measure about which very few people knew anything at all; and he further expressed doubt whether the necessary consent of the local authority to the Provisional Order could be used as a means of exacting from the promoters such conditions as these.

But the question to be considered, from the ratepayers' point of view, is not whether the County Council may lawfully insist on a limitation of the hours of labour as a condition of their consent to the construction or lease of a tramway, nor whether such statutory limitation is in itself desirable. What the ratepayer wants to know is whether these conditions will conduce to the efficient and economical working of the tramway, and whether the County Council, having purchased the lines, and announced their intention of making a ten hours' day a condition of all their leases, can be certain of finding responsible persons to undertake the management of the tramways, and to pay a rent which shall result in a relief to the rates. And to this matter we shall return next week.

#### THE SCHOOLS OF PHILISTIA.

THE teaching world has taken up the cry about dropping Greek—a cry commented on elsewhere in our columns—from the list of compulsory subjects at the Universities very heartily, and, it being the business of a school to "succeed," as it is called, this is hardly to be wondered at. "Success" means an accession of pupils, or at least a maintenance of numbers, and the public schools being of course compelled to follow the fashion set by the proprietary schools, must consult the wishes of the parents in every respect if that kind of success is to be attained. The average parent is grossly ignorant on all matters of education. This is obvious if one considers the humbug that is talked and written and advertised by schoolmasters about their schools, and dutifully assimilated by the parents of their charges. All the average parent thinks about education is, that it is to prepare his son for the task of earning his own living; and the quicker and the more easily this is done the better he is pleased. Of the education of the mind he knows nothing, and cares less. Greek then being, from his point of view, of no practical utility—being, for example, not necessary for a bank clerk or a solicitor, for you do not issue writs in the ancient Greek tongue, nor do you "tot up" figures in it—he would fain find a school where Greek is not, and a

University also; for he would like his son to be a University man before he follows the law or commerce. It is interesting, then, to see the attitude of the headmaster to this. He does not say, "Greek is a most valuable factor in a man's mental education," for what does the parent know about mental education? Neither does he—as he would have done a hundred years ago—go on teaching it, and leave the parents to think and say what they please. He says, rather, "My dear sir, or madam, of course your son should not learn Greek. He comes here to a public school to be trained for a particular line—John Doe or adding up figures as aforesaid—and at the same time you want him to have a 'liberal education' and be a 'public schoolman.' This is just the place for him. We call our curriculum a 'liberal education,' because it includes the teaching of cricket and football; and we call it a public school—Heaven only knows why, perhaps because it isn't a private one. But those wicked Universities insist on Greek as one of their subjects. We don't stand in your way. We would do anything you like to continue to attract your sons—teach them exclusively Chinese or, as not infrequently happens at present, teach them nothing at all." What conception has such a headmaster of his duty as a teacher of youth? He is the merest huckster, and should be behind a counter providing cheap and very nasty goods because his customers ask for them. He is not fit to be a successor of Keate and Hawtreys, Dobson or Arnold.

There was once, and perhaps is now, a certain barrister who was excessively popular with the felonious professions. Every murderer and burglar used to employ him, and yet he never got a single man off. Being asked one day when he was already full of riches and honour how he managed to continue to attract this class of client when he never secured an acquittal, he replied somewhat as follows:—"When a felon lays his case before me he says, 'I want you to say so and so.' Now I know that if I do he will be condemned; but, after all, that's his affair. So I say it; and, though he always is condemned, still he's always delighted with me."

Just so the British parent wants his child taught only the things that will "pay"—French and German and a little Latin, also bookkeeping and shorthand; all these, together with the magic name public schoolman. The headmaster, on the other hand, if he is worth his salt, knows that this is not educating the boy; but he obeys, and, though the pupil leaves the school thoroughly uneducated, the parents are delighted. Is not the parallel exact in every particular? And is not the conduct of the headmaster more shameless than that of the barrister? for he is sacrificing the boy who at least deserved a better fate. The following passage is culled from a Report of the Council to the proprietors of a *soi-disant* public school published in a local paper:—"In the earlier portion of the year arrangements were made for affording education in shorthand, bookkeeping, correspondence in foreign languages, and other subjects essential to a business career. This new departure has already borne fruit by serving to attract boys to the college."

So we see the business of a public school curriculum is not to educate the pupil's mind and turn out the "mens sana in corpore sano," not to produce the public schoolman of the old type, but to "attract boys to the college." Oh! pitiful fall from the heights of a classical education! Will the Universities also stoop to pander to this vicious modern taste? They at least are not compelled, having large foundations at their backs, to "attract pupils" by this means. Let them leave this sort of thing to the third-rate proprietary schools of England. In France we see a reactionary movement going on in favour of a return to Latin and Greek in secondary education. Witness an article of M. Alfred Fouillée's some time ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Are we bent on falling into the ditch from which they have not yet succeeded in extricating themselves?

#### LAUDERDALE HOUSE.

THE London County Council are said to have definitely decided that Lauderdale House must be sacrificed to the well-being of Waterlow Park, which has now been opened. It seems just a question whether the public, or, at least, the more educated part of it, would not rather have the sacrifice arranged the other way; for, though Waterlow Park is an excellent, even a munificent, gift—as we are constantly being told, and ourselves admit—we are not sure whether it is altogether worth the destruction of the beautiful old historic house. And when we add that its sacrifice does not seem to be demanded at all, that the park would get on quite as well, or better, if the house were left standing, we cannot help fretfully inquiring why it is thus doomed. Waterlow Park is a large place, and even if Lauderdale House and its immediate surroundings were enclosed by a ring-fence and cut off from the rest of



the park, its acres would not be seriously diminished. Of course we do not seriously suggest the ring-fence as a remedy, though, if the fence be considered disfiguring, we might plead that the beauty of the house which would be saved thereby would be some compensation to the frequenters of the park. But no ring-fence would be needed, as we propose to show, and in order to do this we must first give a description of the building in its present state.

Lauderdale House is a large, square, plastered mansion, much of it dating back to the seventeenth century. The roof is of old red tiling, and along one side of the building runs a colonnade formed by the overhanging rooms of the upper story, which are supported on the outside by oaken pillars, some of them rotten, but most of them still sound. There is reason to believe that in the original plan of the house this colonnade ran along two sides of the house, but that one side of it was subsequently walled in and made into additional rooms. The windows of these rooms are of a later style than the rest of the house, and besides this one may see embedded in the present wall some pillars still standing corresponding to those which flank the remaining colonnade. In fact, when we say that the colonnade on this side is "walled in," it would really be more correct to say that the spaces between the pillars have been filled in with planks of woodwork. These, with a covering of plaster and canvas, were quite enough to give a semblance of walls and provide a surface for wall-papers, while the real support of the upper story rested in the pillars. Examples of these overhanging upper stories will occur to any one who takes an interest in old-fashioned houses. There are some in Holborn which are instances of this; but much more striking examples are to be found in other parts of England—in Worcester, in Chester, and in Oxford. Very often these overhanging rooms are supported on oak pillars, as at Lauderdale House, the best instance we know of being that of the Town Hall at Ledbury, in Herefordshire, which is supported entirely in this way, and looks not unlike a square box on stilts. Underneath it is an open space on a level with the street, in which the country people leave their carts on market-days, while the Hall itself is accessible only by a ladder-like staircase at the back. The outer walls of Lauderdale House—those which line the inner side of the colonnade that is, and the colonnade that was, but is no longer—are of a much more solid description, being of cemented brickwork, if we mistake not. In the upper story the outer walls are of lath and plaster, strengthened by great beams of oak at intervals. This, again, is very common in overhanging rooms, whose walls depend for their solidity on the strength of their beams. These are often stained or painted to vary the monotony of white plaster, but in Lauderdale House the plaster covers everything, excepting where it has fallen off to disclose lath and plaster beneath, and thus deprived those walls of that appearance of solidity which oak beams create. But, after all, the beams are there, and which is a more important point, they are for the most part as hard and sound as they have ever been. Dry-rot and gaudy-coloured fungus have already invaded some of the newer woodwork, especially in the back premises and larders, which were added only a few years ago; but the old oak beams have stood intact through two centuries, and will most of them, we are tempted to think, be strong enough to support walls and floors when the present generation, and even perchance County Councils, are no more. The house has during its chequered career been much pulled about and suffered many things at the hands of its owners. The big rooms have been divided and subdivided; the old grates removed from their fireplaces; but there is still much that is worth saving. The Convalescent Home, which had its quarters there for some time, is responsible for some of the ghastly incongruities, of which it should be purged with all convenient speed. The burly guardian of the peace who keeps watch and ward over it was charmingly communicative, for which we would render him much thanks. To him it is that we are indebted for the information that Sir Sydney Waterlow had fitted it up—for the convalescents apparently—"with all the modern improvements, gas laid on," he said with pride, waving an appreciative hand, "hot and cold water, &c." It is a sad reflection that even such generosity as this may seem misplaced, and we have no gratitude to bestow for the rows of iron basins, the pipes and the taps which constituted a lavatory for the patients, and which, to adapt the words of Byron, "rot into the souls of those who them survey." There was once, ere misfortune worked its wicked will there, a beautiful old door with an arched top in the house, but now the arch has been sawn off, and the door made square like any other common door, in order that a pipe for heating water for baths may run across the top of it without preventing it—the door—from opening. This is a fair specimen of the spirit in which the beautiful old place has been handled by, with, or for the Convalescent Home, and its munificent patron. But if there is much evidence of vandalism and want of taste, much destruction of

what was beautiful, to allow of the laying on of gas and the putting in generally of the latest modern improvements and conveniences with the smallest possible outlay, there are still many beautiful things remaining in it. A fine, wide, old staircase, leading to the upper story, remains to remind us how staircases were once built before they became as ladders under the deft manipulation of the jerry-builder bent on economizing space. Nell Gwynne's bath is still in an excellent state of preservation, and would repay study by our artistic furnishers before it is carted away for firewood and marble tombstones by the speculative purchaser. It is made of solid slabs of marble, built in the wall in a niche of carved oak, the bottom being on a level with the floor of the room. The niche is flanked with fluted oaken pillars, and the roof of it is also of carved oak. Three starfish stand out conspicuously thereon, one of them, alas! docked of a tail (or an arm, according to your conception of the anatomy of the starfish). Whether the starfish has a mystic significance in this connexion, or is an heraldic emblem, we know not. Natheless it is a fine bath, of which the front slab, also of marble, is cunningly devised with a dip or curve in the centre that the bather may step in the easier. But was it the Convalescent Home or the munificent donor who has turned it into a homely sideboard? They have wrenched up the front slab, and, laying it flatwise over the others, have produced an imperfect copy of a marble-topped washing-stand such as may be bought any day in the Tottenham Court Road for thirty shillings. To complete its misfortunes, the slab which formed the bottom of the bath has, owing to the subsidence of the ground at one end of it, cracked across the middle, and thus shorn of its glories stands it now. But besides the converted sideboard there are many other interesting things about the house and the grounds near it. The kitchen, or what has been converted to that purpose, is beautifully panelled from floor to ceiling, and has carved and arched doorway such as one sees in many of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges. There are several fine old doors in the house, and some quaint windows, especially in the attics. On the terrace is a sundial, gnomonless, but otherwise intact, on which is an inscription relating that the dial is exactly on a level with the summit of the dome of St. Paul's. The delightful old garden round the house has been mercifully let alone as far as possible by the County Council, saving for the erection of a somewhat gaudy fountain. The two old stone eagles have suffered much from the weather, and as a result are a good deal dishevelled, but their numbers have been reinforced with a fresh brood in excellent trim. The terraced walk which runs round the house is also, save for a little sweeping and garnishing, unaltered. The park looks very charming from the terrace, though the outlook, at least in one direction, is spoilt by that staring white block, the Roman Catholic Church, than which architect, even though restricted to white brick as his material, never conceived a more vulgar or more hideous edifice. But for the moment we are not concerned to heap scorn on the horrors of contemporary architecture, nor to speak of the beauties of the park as a whole, wherefore *revenons à nos moutons*. It is sad enough to see private owners pulling down beautiful old historic buildings with an eye to their incomes; but it seems monstrous that when one of these houses has been made over to a public body, that public body in the execution of its duties should busy itself in the destroying instead of the preserving of the building. Andrew Marvell's cottage, which stood close by Lauderdale House, has now entirely disappeared, the County Council having put the final touches to the destructive efforts of previous owners, and now when Nell Gwynne's house is to follow we cannot be content with merely crying *αἰδωομαι*. On the site of it is to be built, if the present scheme is carried out, an ornamental pavilion for the sale of refreshments and the providing of shelter for holiday-makers, doubtless a lofty mission for the site of Lauderdale House to perform. The old terrace surrounding it, part of which will be covered in with, we suppose, tin roofing, will be set out with tables and seats where we may have our teas. Exactly why no other place could be found for this pavilion in the sacred spaces of the park does not appear; but, be that as it may, the site is to be cleared for a refreshment-bar.

The County Council have always struck us as a highly unimaginative body; but this seems to us a somewhat new development of that disease of theirs. For if Lauderdale House is not safe enough for a museum, a shelter, a tea-room, or "bar," and cannot be made safe enough without defacing the structure, surely it might have been let alone as an ornamental appendage to the park. We do not quarrel with flower-beds because they do not provide space for the tread of millions, neither do the County Council because they adorn the parks. But when a house whose net acreage does not equal that of the flower-beds adorns a park far more than its acreage of flower-bed would do, we pull it down, if we are Councillors, and replace it by a pavilion, whether

merely because it rhymes with million, or for some equally excellent but more recondite reason, we cannot say. But, waiving the point of retaining buildings which are beautiful whether they are of practical utility or not, we are of opinion that Lauderdale House could at no very great expense be made perfectly safe as a museum or a tea-house, or a cabman's shelter for that matter, and there are many others, besides the writer of a recent vehement letter on the subject to an evening paper, who are of our opinion. The pillars which support the upper story could be easily replaced in the few cases where they have rotted. The floors where the planks are unsafe could be renewed. Possibly it might be well to remove the outer rooms on the side where these are a later addition, and add pillars to support the upper story where these would be needed. It might even be advisable to strengthen with oak cross-beams the space between the main wall of the house and the outer pillars of the colonnade, nor would this be necessarily disfiguring if it were carefully done. There are worse roofs for colonnades than interlacing oak beams. If, on the other hand, it were deemed unsafe to remove the outer rooms, it would still be easy for a careful architect to go over the structure and strengthen the supports where necessary without disfiguring the house either inside or out. But these are matters of detail; the point is that the house can and should be saved. It is a question of money, we suppose; but the sum would be for the London County Council, considering the habitual lavishness of their expenditure, a very modest one. A public subscription would defray the expenses if these gentlemen decline to perform what is manifestly their duty; but it is always better if possible that these things should be done decently and in order by the body under whose control they fall, whether Vestry or Corporation, County Council or Board of Works, without these appeals to the public. If, however, County Councildom set his face as a flint, then when the house is put up for sale, "to save us the trouble of pulling it down," which is the fate at present in store for it, we hope the South Kensington authorities will purchase it for re-erection in their Architectural Section by the side of Sir Paul Pindar's house which has preceded it thither. This is but a *pis-aller*, for we love not reconstructed houses, which are apt to lose their savour in transport, but it will be better than the total destruction of the old place.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE banking system of the United States differs in many material particulars from our own, but a comparison between the two for all that is in many ways interesting and instructive. The National banks are the most important in the United States. They were established at the beginning of the Civil War, for the purpose of providing a market for the bonds that were then so lavishly issued by the Government, and they have grown rapidly ever since. But before the Civil War there was a large number of State banks established under the laws of the separate States, the National banks, it being understood, being established under Act of Congress. There are also private banks; but these correspond rather to our own financial houses than to our private banks. Leaving out of account the private and the State banks, as to which less is known, we find, according to a return made to the Comptroller of the Currency on the 9th of July, that there are at present in the United States 3,652 National banks. Each of these banks is a separate institution, having no branches; and, speaking roughly, they are small, and have what would be considered here a very insignificant capital. Yet it is evidence of the acceptability of the National banking system that so many of them have come into existence in less than thirty years. The total number of banks and branches in the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, is 3,792; so that the National banks alone which have come into existence, as already said, within thirty years, are almost as numerous as all the banks and branches of the United Kingdom. The National banks, again, have an aggregate paid-up capital of, in round figures, 132½ millions sterling, while the actual paid-up capital of the banks in the United Kingdom is about 74 millions sterling. Of course it will be remembered that there is a very large unpaid capital in our own case, whereas the whole capital is paid up in the United States; still the fact remains that with fewer banking offices than exist in this country there is a paid-up working capital of nearly twice as much. Besides the capital, there are surplus profits, forming what are called in this country reserve funds, of about 45½ millions sterling, while the reserve funds with ourselves amount to about 40 millions sterling. Capital and surplus, therefore, amount with ourselves to about 114 millions sterling, and in the United States to about 178 millions sterling. The American banks, it will be seen, have a larger capital to work with; but,

on the other hand, they have to earn much larger profits to pay the same rate of dividend; and our own banks have this advantage over them, that they have a large unpaid capital which is callable in case of liquidation. The total deposits held by the whole of the National banks in the United States in the month of July last somewhat exceeded 312 millions sterling. The deposits in our own joint-stock banks cannot be correctly stated, but they amount to about 558½ millions sterling. In what has gone before it will be understood that we are speaking only of the joint-stock banks in this country; the private banks publish no accounts, and we can know nothing of their deposits, or, indeed, of their condition generally. It is roughly estimated that the private banks hold deposits amounting to about another 100 millions sterling or more, making altogether about 660 millions sterling of deposits in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. In the United States, as we have seen, the National banks alone hold 312 millions sterling of deposits, and to this have to be added the deposits in all the State banks. Probably, therefore, the deposits in the United States are not very much less than in this country. It seems to follow from the figures we have now given that the United States is as fully banked as this country. The area to be covered is, of course, very much vaster, and the population is nearly twice as great; but when we make allowance for the State banks and the private banks, there seems little reason to doubt that banking facilities are nearly as fully provided in the United States as at home. Further, it seems to follow that the deposit system is making very important progress. True the deposits held by the National banks amount to only about 57 per cent. of the deposits held by the joint-stock banks in this country; but, on the other hand, the State banks in the United States play a much more important part than the private banks, which still remain, do in this country. Making allowance, then, for the sparseness of the population in the greater part of the newer States and Territories, the quite recent date at which some of these States and Territories have been settled, and the youth of the National banks, the magnitude of the deposits is proof positive both of the rapidity with which wealth is growing in the United States, and the eagerness with which the people avail themselves of banking facilities. Coming, in the last place, to the cash reserves held by the banks of the two countries, we are sorry to say that the information furnished by our own is far less full and satisfactory than that given by the American National banks. The American law requires the banks to keep reserves equal to fixed proportions of their deposits, and it authorizes the Comptroller of the Currency to call for returns whenever he thinks proper. The information on the point, then, is full and definite, and we find that, while in July last the deposits somewhat exceeded 312 millions sterling, the cash held amounted to nearly 58½ millions sterling; in other words, the cash reserves held by the whole of the National banks were, in proportion to the deposits held, about 18½ per cent. In this country the banks generally do not distinguish between the cash actually held and the money lent by them to the bill-brokers and discount-houses; but the money so lent is not a reserve in any true sense of the word. In times of confidence it can, of course, be called in by any individual bank; but in times of crisis, if all the banks were to call in money lent, the bill-brokers and discount-houses could not repay. The money so lent, then, is not any real part of the reserve; and unfortunately we have no statement of the amount of cash actually held by the banks and lodged by them at the Bank of England. Lumping together the cash held and the money at call, the two together amount to about 145 millions sterling; but how much is cash and how much money at call we do not know, and therefore we cannot say whether our own joint-stock banks provide better or worse for times of crisis than the National banks of the United States.

During the week ended Wednesday night gold amounting to 317,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England. One hundred thousand pounds of this is understood to have been sent to Russia. The demand for Germany continues strong, and that for the United States, which had ceased for a few days, has again begun. Further, it is understood that a large amount—not less, it is said, than half a million sterling—will be shipped shortly to Buenos Ayres. It is true that a considerable amount of the metal is expected from Brazil, which may be set against the withdrawals for Buenos Ayres. But, on the other hand, miscellaneous demands for Egypt, South Africa, India, and other countries are sure to spring up from time to time. Moreover, the withdrawals for Scotland will now almost immediately begin. It seems clear, therefore, that during the next few weeks there will be a very serious reduction of the Bank's reserve. Yet the joint-stock banks are competing with one another recklessly. They argue that the American demand for gold has not yet been as large as was generally anticipated, and that it will not prove seriously inconvenient; while they contend that



the other demands will be counterbalanced by miscellaneous receipts. Encouraged by the attitude of the joint-stock banks, the bill-brokers and discount-houses are competing eagerly for bills, and in consequence the rate of discount in the open market has fallen to about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. All this is unfortunate. If it goes on, withdrawals of gold for America and the Continent are sure to be stimulated, and by-and-bye the market may be seriously disturbed. It is to be hoped, then, that the Directors of the Bank of England will take the measures necessary to protect their reserve, for they must see now that no support is to be expected from the joint-stock banks.

The silver market continues very inactive. There is some demand, it is true, for Spain and Portugal, but India is importing exceptionally little all this year, and speculation is absent. The price, therefore, is only  $44\frac{9}{16}$  d. per oz.

On Friday of last week there was a sharp recovery in the New York Stock Exchange, and it looked as if speculation there was once more reviving; but it fell away again on Saturday, and on Monday and Tuesday here, markets were more lifeless than they have been since the very middle of the holidays. On Tuesday, however, there was another recovery in New York, which was well maintained on Wednesday, and a more hopeful feeling has in consequence sprung up here. For the time being, business on our Stock Exchange is entirely regulated by New York. When the latter is active there is a more hopeful tone here; when it becomes quiet depression returns. And as the reaction in New York had lasted very much longer than any one expected, on Monday and Tuesday there was great discouragement in London, and indeed, if it had lasted for a day or two more, a break in the market would probably have occurred. In addition to the long stagnation in New York, there were several other discouraging influences. First among these was the unfavourable news from the Argentine Republic. General Mitre, who was the candidate for the Presidency of the Union Civica, or Reform party, has withdrawn, and the coalition between him and General Roca is broken up. The Senate, too, has censured President Pellegrini. And private telegrams report that there is much fear in Buenos Ayres of new street disturbances. Careful readers of Buenos Ayres telegrams have especially noticed that General Roca has removed his family from Buenos Ayres, which increases the fear that revolutionary movements are imminent. Then, again, the banking crisis in Australia is growing worse, and there is great depression in the Far East. Over and above that, there are signs of great weakness in Paris. It is asserted by the syndicate of the Russian Loan that small subscribers have applied for the larger part of the loan; but the statement is not generally believed, and it is feared that the members of the syndicate must have locked up a large amount of capital. As was to be expected, the famine is causing numerous failures in Russia, and a serious crisis there appears to be imminent, which can hardly fail greatly to depress the prices of all Russian securities. Then, again, there has been a heavy fall this week in Spanish Railway securities, even in those that have hitherto been in great favour with Continental investors. Partly this is the result of the financial crisis, but partly also it is caused by a report that the French Government has decided to impose heavy Customs duties upon Spanish goods. If this is done, it will greatly reduce the imports of Spanish wine into France, and, therefore, seriously affect the Spanish Railway Companies. The Portuguese crisis is going from bad to worse; and altogether no one would be surprised if there were to be financial difficulties in Paris. In London, however, there has not been much speculation in Continental securities for a long time, and it is believed that American securities are not largely held upon the Continent; therefore, it is hoped that, even if there were to be a breakdown upon the Paris Bourse, its influence upon the American market would be very shortlived.

The wet and stormy weather is seriously interfering with the preparations for sowing the winter crops. In some districts even yet all the grain has not been gathered, and it is reported that in many instances corn is flooded in the fields. Generally speaking, however, the reports of the results of threshing are not unfavourable. Here and there they are very disappointing, it is true, but the general appearances are that the yield will not be much under the average. In spite, however, of the unfavourable seed-time and the general deficiency of the European crops, the wheat market is surprisingly quiet, mainly owing to the low prices in the United States, where it would seem that the harvest has been even better than hitherto has been supposed, and that farmers consequently are hurrying their grain to market.

Trade continues fairly satisfactory. The breakdown of so many South American States has, of course, very materially reduced the exports to South America, and the deficiency of the crops on the Continent is also likely to affect our trade; but the home

trade is large, and there are signs of improvement in several directions; especially new orders are being placed for ships, and there is some recovery in the iron and steel markets, with a decidedly better feeling.

Except in the market for inter-Bourse securities, most of the changes in prices on the Stock Exchange this week have been upwards. Thus, Consols closed on Thursday evening at  $95\frac{1}{8}$ , a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday evening, of  $\frac{1}{8}$ , and there was the same advance in Indian Sterling Three per Cents, which closed on Thursday at  $95\frac{1}{8}$ . In Home Railway stocks there has been a general recovery, especially in the sound investment stocks. Midland closed on Thursday evening at 161, a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday evening, of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . North-Eastern Consols closed at  $155\frac{1}{8}$ , a rise of 2; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 108, also a rise of 2; and Great Western closed at  $157\frac{1}{8}$ , a rise of  $\frac{3}{8}$ . In the American market there was a sharp advance at the close of last week, a decline on Monday and Tuesday, and another advance on Wednesday and Thursday, with the result that prices are now decidedly higher than they were at the time of last writing. To begin with the purely speculative securities which are entirely unsuited to the investor, and which have, therefore, only a fictitious value, Atchison closed on Thursday evening at  $46\frac{1}{8}$ , a rise, compared with the preceding Thursday evening, of  $1\frac{1}{8}$ . The advance in Union Pacifics was the same; they closed at  $42\frac{1}{8}$ —while in Erie shares the rise was  $\frac{3}{8}$ ; they closed at  $31\frac{1}{8}$ . Milwaukee shares, which it is hoped will become dividend-paying in consequence of the good harvest and the consequent improvement in trade, closed on Thursday at  $77\frac{1}{8}$ , a rise of  $1\frac{1}{8}$ ; while in the dividend-paying stocks the advance was still greater. Illinois and New York Central shares both rose 3; the former closing at 107, and the latter at 117. Louisville and Nashville rose  $1\frac{1}{8}$ , closing at 81. Lake Shore shares closed at 129, a rise of 3, and Pennsylvania Shares closed at  $67\frac{1}{8}$ , a rise of  $1\frac{1}{8}$ . It is to be remembered, however, that whereas the other shares are of the nominal value of 100 dollars, Pennsylvanias are of the nominal value of 50 dollars, so that the percentage rise is twice as much, or about  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . In Argentine securities there has also been a recovery. The Argentine bonds of 1886 closed on Thursday evening at 61, a rise of  $2\frac{1}{8}$ ; and the Funding Loan closed at  $60\frac{1}{8}$ , a similar advance; and there was likewise an advance in Argentine railways; but the securities dealt in on the Paris Bourse are generally lower. Thus Egyptian Preference Three and a Half per Cents closed at  $87\frac{1}{8}$ , a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of  $\frac{1}{8}$ ; and Spanish Four per Cents closed at  $66\frac{1}{8}$ , a fall of  $1\frac{1}{8}$ .

#### GREAT WALES AND LITTLE ENGLAND.

WHEN the Archbishop of Canterbury complimented the Welsh episcopate as "our eldest selves, the fountain of our episcopacy," described himself as the "younger ally" of his Welsh suffragans, and reminded them that it is from Welsh Christendom that "our very realm derives its only title to be called by its proudest name of Great Britain," he was unconsciously repeating an argument which the fierce "protomartyr" of the Welsh Liberationists three centuries ago turned to very different uses. The "Supplication" to the High Court of Parliament, which John Penry printed in 1588, is a book which many modern historians and lecturers have chattered about, though few, if any of them, seem to have read it through. It is certain that both Dr. Waddington, the hagiologist of Penry, and Dr. Rees, the compiler of the so-called *History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales*, either did not trouble to read it from end to end, or else made a most shameless misrepresentation of its contents. John Penry, like the modern Welsh Liberationists, and like the promoters of the Rump's "Act (of 1649-50) for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales," put his whole faith in Parliament. Dr. Waddington and Dr. Rees, either from ignorance or from the necessity of making their books agreeable to modern Dissenting readers, picture Penry as a sort of *fin de siècle* Radical Dissenter, a sixteenth-century Miall, or Schnadhorst. But Penry himself again and again told Queen Elizabeth and her Parliament that it was as much their duty to establish and endow what he pleased to call "Sion"—by which he meant Welsh Dissent—as it was certainly their duty to disestablish and disendow "Babylon," his synonym for the Welsh bishops and parish priests. In his despair of converting the Queen, who was kept in delusion by the malignant influence of "John Cant" (the Primate Whitgift) and other "godlesse and irreligious men of the ecclesiasticall state," Penry turned to the Parliament. "The Parliament hath hitherto," said he, "rejected this cause. Yet I see that the Lord will have the cause once againe brought unto the Parliament

by my hands, to try whether men will not acknowledge the Gospel and the Government of His Son," by which he meant the compulsory establishment and endowment of a narrow Calvinist theology and a kind of Presbyterian discipline. In 1588 Penry was still a Nonconformist rather than a Dissenter; for in his "Supplication" he called the Welsh Church "our Church," and he threatened the Parliament with the most terrible "judgements from God" unless they put down the bishops and archdeacons, and set up "Presbytery" in their stead. But soon afterwards he left the Nonconformists and turned Separatist or Dissenter, joining with the Brownists Barrowe and Greenwood in railing at the "Nonconformists," "Precisians," or "Puritans," for not separating from the Church and setting up for themselves when they were silenced or deprived. The word "Nonconformist" in 1588 not only had no such meaning as lately has been forced into it, but had the precisely contrary meaning. It meant one who retained his membership in the National Church, although he refused to conform to parts of its doctrine, discipline, and ritual. This is clear from the controversy carried on at this very time against the Separatists by Dr. Reynolds of Oxford, who was afterwards the spokesman of the Nonconformist party in the Church of England at the famous Hampton Court Conference, when the hopes of the English Puritans were raised by the succession of a Scottish and "Nonconformist" King to the throne of Elizabeth.

Howbeit, alike as a Nonconformist or Presbyterian member of the Welsh Church in 1588, and later as a Brownist or Independent Separatist from the Welsh Church, John Penry held and taught the most anti-liberationist doctrine as to the relation of Church and State. The "Reformation of Religion," said he, according to the Bible belonged properly to Parliament. "By virtue of the Lord's own mandatory Letters, reformation of the Church belongs to Princes and States, His fedatories and vassals, a portion of that inheritance being theirs by lineall dissent" (descent—a sort of political apostolical succession) "from their predecessors, the godly kings and rulers, who time out of minde alwaies laid their shoulders unto this burthen." As Hezekiah, Josiah, and their national councils cleared their land from idolatry, so it was the inherited function of the English Lords and Commons to see, "at this your meetinge, that Order be taken for the reforming in Wales of such thinges as shal be made knowne unto you." Penry was the man to make them known. He held that the four Welsh bishoprics, "Bangor, Asaph, Landaff, and Davids"—he would not put the word "saint" before the Popish Asaph or David—were not English, as the modern Liberationists say, nor Welsh or British, as the Archbishop says, but were "filthie Italian weedes wherewith the Church is now miserably deformed." "Here therefore I affirme," he cries, "Unlesse without delay you labour to cleanse the Church under your government in Wales of all lord bishops, dumbe ministers, non-residents, archdeacons, commissaries, and other Romish officers and offices there tolerated, and so tolerated as by the consent and authoritie of the Parliament, that you are likely, both in this life and the life to come, to be subject unto the intolerable masse of God's wrath. Shall you, of the High Court of Parliament, be dispensed with of being guilty of Tolerating and Establishing great sinnes among your people in Wales, the usurped and anti christian seats of lord bishops, in stead of the government prescribed by Jesus Christ? Assure yourselves, No." How the present-day Welsh Liberationist orator or newspaper-man must regret the decay of this thoroughgoing Nonconformity! Alas that he cannot conveniently threaten both Houses of Parliament, or at least those members who refuse to give a Liberationist vote, with all the torments of hell, as Penry did! "Unlesse," said he, "you will utterly raze the memorie of this wicked and ungodly generation out of the Church of Wales, if you will, to the contumelious dishonor of your God and the undoing of His Church, countenance and maintain lord bishops, archdeacons, dumbe ministers, with the rest of that ungodly race, what will follow? That, I fear me, will be this: The Lord will enter into judgement with you for al the soules that hereafter shal be damned in Wales." The hundred pages to which "the seraphic Penry," as Dr. Waddington calls him, gives the meek title of a "Supplication," are crowded with the like ferocious threats. "The Lord will enter into judgement with you for al the sinnes that shal be in Wales committed for want of that (Calvinistic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Anabaptist, Independent, or other sectarian) Government which His Son Christ Jesus hath ordained as a meanes to keep men from transgressing. He will enter into judgement with you for the monstrous profanation whereby those proud, popelike, and blinde guides have polluted His house. He will enter into judgement with you because you have countenanced and freely priviledged them by lawe to provoke Him to wrath."

There is one point of likeness between Penry and his degenerate successors. The want of "Religious Equality" seems to have

been the real sting in Penry's soul, as it confessedly is in their souls; and Penry too held their delusion that the equality with bishops which the Dissenting preachers demand can be created for them by Act of Parliament. "The Bb. of Landaff, Davids, Bangor, and Asaph," said he to the Parliament, "claime superiority over their fellow-brethren, as ministers. They have no better warrant from the word of god [the small letters are Penry's own, or his printer's, and recur many times] for their lordly superiority than the Pope of Rome hath for his. And," he adds, "it being unlawfull for the Parliament to tolerate and countenance his superiority over the ministers in this land, it is also as unlawfull for them to tolerate the Bb. spirituall jurisdiction over their fellow brethren."

Penry indeed puts one limitation upon the powers which he attributed to the English Parliament as *summus episcopus* of the Church in Wales. Although it had full right and authority to disestablish and disendow the bishops, archdeacons, and the old historical and catholic order of Christianity, it had neither the authority nor right of refusing to establish and endow Penryism. "For where is it revealed," asks he, "that the Apostles gave the civill magistrate, when any should be in the Church, the commission to abolish the Presbytery by them Established?" The Parliament is bound by its "lineal descent," from "the godly kings and rulers" of the Old Parliament, to establish and endow in Wales that Calvinistic Nonconformity which, according to John Penry, the Apostles established for all ages and all nations. "Here it must needs followe, you of this Honorable House, having regard unto the estate of your soules and bodies before the Lord, and your good names among posterities, will labor to redresse the miserable estate of distressed Wales, (1) by erecting there a Godly Ministerie, and (2) by abolishing all Canaanitish reliques." He asks whether "The Lords and the rest of this Honourable Assembly, for the defense of a few unconscionated and godlesse men, will adventure to undergoe the fierce and flaming execution of the burning decrees of God's wrath? My Lords, and you the rest of this Assemblie, be not deceived. The Lord of heaven is angrie with you for the babylonish garments of these Achans. Retaine them no longer."

Penry deplored that when he turned from the Queen to the Parliament, he did not find the Parliament sufficiently Erastian. It was an odd complaint to be made by one who is now glorified on the Dissenting and Radical platform as the father of Welsh Liberationism. It is true that he did not use the word; but there is no doubt that he desired the thing. He complained that the excuse was made "That the Parliament can doe nothing, because hytherto all Church causes have bin referred unto the Convocation-house and the leaders thereof—namely, our bishops. And do you," he demands of Parliament, "mean it shall be so still? Then shal you still maintain these horrible profanities." He tried flattery as well as threat. By the claims of the bishops and clergy in Convocation, said he, "injurious derogation is offered to the liberties of this Your House. You should not permit them to enact what they would by their own authoritie." "You of the High Court of Parliament are to understand, that the Convocation-house condemneth the cause of Christ now in hand before it be heard." Then, as if taking up his parable against the modern Liberationists, Penry says to the Parliament, "Believe not them who tell you that it belongeth not unto your duties to be carefull of the estate of the Church, and that the Lord requireth no more at your hands but the mayntenance of outward peace. As though men committed to your government were but droves of brute beasts, only to be foddered, and kept from external invasions and inroads! For what assemblie is there in the land that dare challenge unto itself the Reforming of Religion, if Parliament may not?"

The last specimen we shall give of the Parliament-exalting hero of the Welsh Liberationists will bring us back to the point from which we started. Penry, like Whitgift's present successor, knew that a Welsh episcopacy was more ancient than an English episcopacy, and he made use of this knowledge to alarm the loyalty of an Elizabethan Parliament. He fancied, or pretended to fancy, that "John Cant" and his Welsh suffragans were only waiting their opportunity to lead the people "unto Babel againe, from which her Maiestie and you brought us out." The Welsh bishops, said he, "are dangerous subjects, and not to be trusted any further than they are fed." Their pretence that the Welsh episcopate is as old as or older than the Roman, and independent of the Pope, may even "pave the way for the undermining of the State." He feared that an ambitious Welsh Bishop-King might some day start up and claim the whole of Great Britain as the hereditary patrimony of St. Joseph of Arimathea. "For why may not a forged donation of Constantine, or of Ludovicus pius in time joyne the crowne of England to the See of David, or of Bangor especially, which, from Joseph of Aramathea, can be proved to have a little better continuance of personal succession



than Rome can from Peter." Could not a patriotic Parliament see that it would be as easy to join Elizabeth's crown of England to one of the episcopal mitres of the ancient Britain in Wales as it was to "joyne the Kingdom of Sicilia, the dukedome of Naples, and the ilandes of Corsica and Sardinia unto the pope's miter?" So in 1588, as in 1891, the disestablishment and disendowment of the Welsh sees and parishes was an important "English question." The "Supplication" of Penry was presented in the year of the Armada, and at the end of it he assumed the part of prophet, and warned the Parliament that, unless the Welsh bishops and priests are speedily disestablished, "the Lord" would bring the "Spanyardes" again, and England would be destroyed.

#### CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

AFTER going the round of Italy, Austria, and Germany, and everywhere meeting with extraordinary success, the one-act opera of the youngest of Italian composers was at length presented to an English audience last Monday evening at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The result, in spite of a performance which left very much to be desired, was never for a moment doubtful; indeed, it speaks highly for the strength of Signor Mascagni's work that it should have achieved such success under conditions so unfavourable. Plot and music have already been so fully analysed in these columns that it will be sufficient for the present to confine our remarks to Monday's performance. Probably Signor Lago was anxious to open the theatre at the earliest opportunity, and to this cause must be assigned the obvious want of preparation and the slipshod stage-management. The back scene, which was supposed by a wild stretch of fancy to represent a landscape in Sicily, was apparently a view of mediæval Paris, with the Seine and its bridges. The orchestra was anything but good, and the miserable instrument behind the scenes which did duty for an organ was so hopelessly out of tune with the band that the effect of the charming Intermezzo was not at all agreeable, and the encore which Signor Arditi very unnecessarily accepted for it was not an unmixed boon. The chorus also, especially as regards the female portion, was poor in quality of tone and uncertain in attack, while the very audible voice of the stage-manager gave an entirely new effect to the "Regina Coeli." It is small wonder that these defects made the principal vocalists nervous; but they are all defects which can, and should be, easily remedied, and when this has been done, the opera will probably prove as much a trump-card to Signor Lago as his revival of *Orfeo* was last year at Covent Garden. It is so interesting dramatically, and in many respects so full of genius in its music, that its performance, even with inadequate means, is bound to attract the whole musical public. In Monday's performance the want of rehearsals, and the continual stoppage of the action by the injudicious acceptance of encores, emphasized the defects of the score, and seriously detracted from the dramatic crispness which is one of its chief merits. Signorina Musiani, the representative of the heroine, Santuzza, looked charming, and acted with admirable feeling. Her voice is apparently not very good, and she has a good deal of that unpleasant *vibrato* which is tolerated, and even liked, in Italy, but most distasteful to English ears. She was obviously so nervous that it is unfair to pronounce a definite opinion as to her merits as a singer. The tenor, Signor Vignas, at once proved himself a valuable acquisition. The *timbre* of his voice is rather hard, but his singing is excellent and thoroughly artistic. He never shouts, but gives due effect to every detail of light and shade, in a way which is as rare as it is agreeable. The Alfio, Signor Brombara, was also good, and Mlle. Marie Brema—an English singer who was heard last season at concerts in London under another name—gave evidence of dramatic instinct which experience should develop with good results. As Lucia, the mother of the hero, Miss Grace Damian had but little to do, and was so nervous that she could not give the part whatever prominence it has. Her acting would be improved by study; at present she seems ill at ease and amateurish. *Cavalleria Rusticana* was received with every expression of delight by a large audience, in which, in the cheaper parts of the house, the Italian element was very conspicuous. At the close of the performance the performers and conductor were repeatedly called before the curtain. The "Bravi!" with which they were greeted were mingled with exclamations of "Evviva Garibaldi!" and "Abbasso Harris e l'opera Francese!" The appropriateness of the former cry is not very obvious, but the latter gave expression to a feeling which is undoubtedly very strong among Italian opera-goers, and has led to some violent remarks in various Italian papers. Mascagni's work was preceded by the first three

acts of the brothers Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*, which revived memories of Ronconi and Mme. Patti at Covent Garden in the sixties. The performance was very poor, and was not rendered more tolerable by the long waits between the acts.

#### THE WEATHER.

THE present week has not given any signs of intermission of the gales which have of late raged on our coasts. When we closed our last report a storm of unusual violence was in progress, and during the week now under review we have had two more to chronicle—severe enough, though not quite as bad as that of the 12th. On Wednesday (Oct. 13) Tuesday's storm was just passing off, and the lowest barometer readings at 8 A.M. (28.3 in.) were registered over the Hebrides. Thursday was somewhat calmer; but at 8 A.M. on Friday a new depression, with readings below 29.0 in., appeared on the chart, with its centre near Londonderry, and a southerly gale, of force 10, was blowing at Holyhead. This system followed its predecessor, and passed away northwards over Scotland; but the gales connected with it had been felt with considerable force on our south coast. In fact, the Channel has been very rough, and we have heard of parties delayed four days at Calais; while the service between Folkestone and Boulogne was entirely suspended for some days. Saturday was a little calmer and drier; but on Sunday again more than an inch of rain fell at the four south-western stations—Valencia, Roche's Point, Scilly, and St. Anne's Head. The greatest amount was 1.42 in. at Valencia, at which station the total fall during the week (Oct. 14-20 inclusive) was no less than 3.63 in. Monday was calmer, but in the afternoon the barometer in the West began to fall again, and by Tuesday morning a definite depression showed itself off the Irish coast. This advanced much less rapidly than the former ones, and on Wednesday it still lay, at 8 A.M., off the west of Ireland, with readings as low as 28.6 in. at Belmullet, and a heavy southerly gale blowing in the West.

The series of storms which has been passing over these islands of late has been the natural result of the existing weather conditions. All over the south of Germany a persistent anticyclone, with brilliant weather, has prevailed for weeks, and the compensating depressions have been moving along a track which crossed our islands, and have been travelling along it in quick succession. When an anticyclone lies over us, the storm tracks lie to the northward, and the coast of Norway within the Arctic circle is swept by frequent gales.

During the week now under review the weather over France has been much finer than with us. Several days have been rainless, although on Friday, the 16th, 0.8 in., and on the Tuesday following 1.46 in., fell at Lyons. The excessive rains in these islands during the last three months have at last nearly replaced the deficit which had accumulated during the early part of the year, but the falls have been so violent that we cannot expect that very much can have reached the springs, as the downpours have been discharged mainly by overflows and floods, so that no time has been available for infiltration. The weather has been mild on the whole, the temperature having never fallen to the freezing-point, at least at the stations reporting to the Meteorological Office. No snow has appeared here as yet; but in the north of Sweden a terrific snowstorm was reported as in progress on Wednesday morning, the 21st.

#### COSAS DE CHILE.—THE CONSTITUTION.

CHILE has a cut-and-dried Constitution. It sprang, Minerva-wise, from the brains of Prieto, Portales, and Egana, after the accession to power of the Pelucones in 1830, and functions like clockwork, when not interrupted by *force majeure*. The head of affairs is the president of the Republic, who is flattered by the title of Jefe Supremo. He is elected for a term of five years, and can only serve again after a similar interval. Hence he is sometimes credited with a desire to bring about the return as his successor of a mere warming-pan to retain the seat for himself. Balmaceda was really put in in such fashion by his predecessor, Santa Maria, and then, instead of thinking of fulfilling his bargain, sought to foist with like intent first Sanfuentes, and then Claudio Vicuña, on the electorate. For even clockwork Constitutions will work in sympathy with the pressure exerted by a lever with the hands of Government on the end of it. Once in office the president is constitutionally free to do pretty much as he pleases—subject to impeachment for high treason on laying aside the tricoloured scarf, which is the sole badge of his dignity. Prieto's Parliament actually resigned all power into his hands

to leave these freer to act during the 1837 campaign against Peru. For Balmaceda it might be pleaded that it was not the thing he did, but the way he did it, that constituted his offence. Working under the president come the Ministries, to which nominees are appointed by him and approved of by Congress. A vote of either Chamber of the latter should oust a Minister; but his fall does not necessarily imply that of the Cabinet of which he forms part, unless, as its titular head, he holds the portfolio of the Interior. The president has the royal prerogative of dismissing the men he thus appoints, singly or all together. A Minister, without being an elected member of Congress, can speak in either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies from seats reserved to this effect, though in discussions on technical matters he is often replaced by his under-secretary of state, a quasi-permanent official. Each Minister receives six thousand dollars a year, and is expected to spend something more in keeping up his position. The Ministries and their attributions were duly plotted out on a French basis. Some variation is, however, tolerated, the actual number of Ministers fluctuating under more or less temporary amalgamations. That one head should generally suffice for Admiralty and War Office is natural in a country where military operations have been so often carried out from a naval base. Lynch, the successful generalissimo of the last Peruvian campaign, was an admiral. Under Balmaceda, Justice was at one time tacked on to his favourite hobby, Public Instruction. Public Works and Industry seems a natural alliance too, but the union of Foreign Affairs and Religion was construed by the advanced Radicals as a hint that the interests of the latter were extraneous to Chili, and by the Catholics as a flattering compliment to the world-wide influence of the Vatican. Home Affairs and Finance were of sufficient importance to be looked after separately. These amalgamations are to some extent explained by the fact that the Ministries are all packed together into the only consistent public building in Santiago, the Moneda. The "good story" about this most substantial relic of Spanish rule is that it was designed at home for "rich Mexico," and that the plans were popped by mistake into the Government mail-bag for "poor Chili." But poor Chili, before her placers were exhausted, sent gold untold to the Madrid treasury, and unromantic archaeologists prove the Moneda to have been planned to meet local requirements in Santiago itself, by the Italian architect Tosca.

The Congreso is made up of the Cámara de Senadores and the Cámara de Diputados. The members of the former are elected for six years, and those of the latter for three. It is arranged, however, that the term of office of one-half of the Senators expires three years before that of the other. Hence, at the triennial election of the deputies, one-half the Senate is also renewed. The number of both senators and deputies is regulated by local population. Chili is divided into twenty-two provinces, and these again into seventy-two departments, to say nothing of some odd territories. In each department every 20,000 souls is entitled to a deputy. A province is entitled to one senator *de jure*, and to an extra one for every three deputies returned within its boundaries. At the last elections, based on the Census of 1885, there were 126 deputies returned by 69 out of the 72 departments, and 43 senators sent up by the 22 provinces. There are no bye-elections to furnish political barometric readings, or serve as the basis of rule-of-three sums which invariably work out wrong. They are obviated by the return at the general election of a supplementary senator for each province, and a supplementary deputy for each department. These fill up vacancies in case of death or prolonged absence. The electoral system is perfect—on paper. The basis of representation as noted is numerical, the franchise educational. Every citizen of twenty-one years of age and able to read and write should be placed on the register. But, as the register is only revised every ten years, there must have been plenty of individuals who were debarred from the opportunity of fulfilling their electoral duties on the 18th inst. As a set-off many voted on passably slender qualifications. The sharp revising barrister and the keen party agent are unknown. The task of revising the register rests, loosely enough, upon a Board selected from the leading taxpayers of the constituency. They do their work *en famille*, the Government ostentatiously leaving them alone for the occasion. The elections are by ballot, and the voting takes place at tables set out in public places, and presided over by members of the Board in question. The same electors vote for the senators, for the deputies, and for the special delegates who return the president. These delegates number three for every deputy, and have only this one duty to discharge. The electors further appoint the local Consejos Municipales, our Town Councils or local Boards, whilst these in turn nominate the men to revise the electoral register.

Neither senators nor deputies are salaried—but there are pick-

ings. On meeting each Chamber elects its Mesa, composed of a president and two vice-presidents. Each must secure a certain proportion of votes, and a party success, instead of the election of the most impartial arbitrators, is generally aimed at, till, if victory be found impossible, a compromise is arrived at. The next task is the appointment of a Committee to verify the electoral returns. Permanent Committees are also appointed, corresponding with the various Ministries, and working in conjunction with the staffs of these on matters falling within their domain. Each Chamber sits alternately three days a week, unless under exceptional circumstances. Private members are free to introduce Bills during the earlier part of the Session, but the latter portion of this is given up to Government projects and the Budget. Members speak from their places, and very often whilst seated.

The provinces are, so to say, looked after by Intendentes, something akin to French prefects, appointed and having direct relations with the Minister of the Interior. Like French prefects, they are the butt of the local Opposition, or rather anti-Ministerial journalists. When these latter hit too hard they are prosecuted. The editor of the *Industria* of Iquique had an amusing little contest of this kind two years ago with the Intendente of Tarapaca. When sentenced to imprisonment he sold his paper and fled to England. The departments are in turn under Gobernadores, small fry with an eye to perquisites. The municipal councils referred to work alongside these officials, and include in their ranks the alcalde, who is to some extent a police magistrate, and the regidores, who look after paving, lighting, water-supply, markets, &c. The State pays the Church—not over well—and expects it to hold its tongue in return. Clerical influence is still sufficiently strong to prohibit any lady from entering a place of worship in a hat or bonnet. This is something in a country where Paris fashions are objects of devotion.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

*PAMELA'S Prodigy* has nothing to recommend it but its title, which certainly, from a managerial point of view, is attractive enough. Beyond its name, however, it has no merit of any kind, and was without doubt the most decided theatrical failure which has been witnessed in London for a very long time. That so clever an actress and manager as Mrs. John Wood should have allowed this meaningless play to occupy her attention for a single moment is, indeed, matter for amazement. She is known to be a humourist; and had it not been for the costly scenery and costumes, we should have been tempted to believe that the lady had perpetrated a huge practical joke, and summoned the army of critics to the Court Theatre last Wednesday evening in order to exhibit to them the finest specimen we have ever beheld of what a comedy should not be.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the author of this curious work, has, it seems, won fame in America by his *Beau Brummel*, which has been considerably admired. *Pamela's Prodigy* might be offered as a prize puzzle to idle people of an ingenious turn of mind, to discover its plot. We could not make it out at all. There were a great many people on the stage wearing the costumes of our grandfathers and grandmothers; but what these bachelors, dancing-masters, old maids, and other types of commonplace folk were about, we could not discover. They wandered aimlessly to and fro, and tried to be funny, but failed to provoke even a sickly smile—let alone a hearty laugh—from the dazed and patient audience. Poor Mrs. John Wood struggled heroically through her burdensome part, as likewise did Mr. George Giddens, and indeed, the whole company—a very strong one—fought valiantly to secure some measure, however feeble, of applause; but vain were their efforts, and the curtain fell amidst ominous silence. We pitied Mr. Clyde Fitch, who is young and inexperienced, and doubtless thought he had written a good play, and, like many other dramatists before him, believed his gosling to be a swan. We can excuse him, but really we cannot extend the same leniency to Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Chudleigh. They are experienced people, and ought to have known from the first that *Pamela's Prodigy* had nothing prodigious about it, save its perverse stupidity.

A poetical play by Mr. Frankfort Moore was produced on Wednesday afternoon at the Opera Comique. It is entitled *The Queen's Room*, and achieved rather more than a success of esteem. It is full of promises of better things hereafter. True, the author has much to learn, and not a little to unlearn. In the first place, for instance, how to construct his play, so that there be no waste of good material in it, and, above all, how to centre the interest round the principal characters, and not waste it on people who are given much to do in the beginning of the piece, only to disappear early in its progress, never to be seen or heard of again. Briefly related, the plot deals with the famous incident of Mary Stuart's relations with Chastelard. As the curtain rise



we behold Mary Beaton seated by the fire in the Queen's room at Holyrood. Mary Stuart's favourite attendant is herself in love with Chastelard, who does not return her affection. Historically he loved her only too well, but in the play he is absorbed in his indiscreet amour with the Queen; and the rumour of this Court scandal has reached Paris, and brought from that capital Father Allen (afterwards Cardinal) to rebuke the Queen and beg of her to drive Chastelard from Scotland. Mary Beaton and his embryo Eminence have an interminable interview, no doubt replete with sound poetry, but absolutely lacking in action. It was saved from dreariness by the excellent acting of Miss Evelyn McNay and of Mr. Edward Compton. After this long scene, and when interest has been awakened in her, Mary Beaton disappears. Meantime Mary Stuart arrives from a ball which has taken place during the earlier part of the evening. Father Allen has remained in her Majesty's bedroom, and now has a remarkably well contrived and written scene with the Queen, whose character is carefully composed of contrasting light and shade. Chastelard, of whom we are destined to see very little, glides in during their dialogue and hides behind the arras, where he remains until the Father has disappeared. Then ensues a strong love scene, full of wild passion, between the poet and Queen, which is interrupted by cries without, from Darnley and a crew of men-at-arms, who, suspecting her Majesty is entertaining her lover, and desiring to expose her to the contempt of her Court, try to break open her door. Father Allen again reappears, merely to spirit away the French poet into a secret recess in the wainscot. He is saved for this time at least, and on the words, pronounced with due significance by Father Allen, "In three hours, Sir, to France," the curtain falls. Would it not have been better to have shown the swiftness of retribution, overwhelming the wretched Queen and her paramour, as it did in reality, when Chastelard, by accident or design, was found in her closet at Stirling, and dragged thence to his awful doom? Mr. Moore does not seek to elevate the moral tone of the thoughtless Princess. His Mary Stuart loves Chastelard fiercely, and never for a moment seems to feel the least shame at her guilt, therefore there is no sympathetic motive for softening the misfortunes she has brought upon her. Mr. Frankfort Moore's piece is nicely written; and, if we have a little too much of Father Allen and too little of Chastelard, we have a most interesting and graceful Mary Stuart. The acting of this "dramatic fragment," as it is called, was much above the average. We have already referred to the charming Mary Beaton of Miss McNay. She is young, and perhaps a little inexperienced, but she has everything in her favour—a graceful figure, a mobile countenance, a voice of exceeding sweetness and varied modulation. Her dramatic instinct is correct, and she has considerable emotional power. All she needs is opportunity of displaying her talents, and even in this matter we need but repeat to her the famous French proverb—"Tout vient à qui sait attendre," and of a surety opportunity will soon come to Miss McNay. The Father Allen of Mr. Edward Compton was a vigorous sketch. He had a great deal too much literature to deliver himself of, but fortunately it is of fair quality, and he invests it with considerable distinction. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis as Mary Stuart revealed herself to be a "legitimate actress," to use the good old-fashioned phrase, of the highest rank. Hardly before has she been seen in London to such advantage. She exhibited tenderness, pathos, passion, and even queenly majesty, with rare force and conviction. Mr. Clarence Blakiston, in the fragmentary part of Chastelard, showed that at least he knows how to speak blank verse and to act a passion without tearing it to tatters. The piece, which was received with deserved applause, the author being called for very heartily, was followed by a performance of that curious old play *The Liar*, which has travelled through many vicissitudes since Lope da Vega, so to speak, first "started it on tour." Corneille, Goldoni, and Foote each have had a hand in its fortunes, and it does not even now seem to have exhausted its popularity. Mr. Edward Compton's company act it very well, and Mr. Compton himself plays the extravagant part of Jack Wilding with a rattling spirit worthy of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Again Miss McNay scored as Miss Grantham. At the same theatre in the absence, now happily over, of Miss Elizabeth Robins, through illness, on Tuesday last, the part of Claire de Cintré, in Mr. Henry James's curious comedy *The American*, was filled by Miss McNay, who here, too, distinguished herself. The part is a very difficult one, by reason of the obscurity surrounding the situation in which the author has placed his heroine. No doubt the actress owed something of the sympathy she elicited to her pleasing personality and graceful bearing, but her acting exhibited that too rare quality of observation, joined to technical skill in rendering her interpretation. A greater familiarity with the part would no doubt diminish the tendency to underact, the only noticeable defect in her impersonation. The one comedy scene between Claire and her American lover which the part affords was played with delicate humour. As the play degene-

rates into melodrama, her grasp of the character became gradually less effective. The love-making as written by Mr. Henry James, an American who has lived in England, and as rendered by Mr. Compton, an Englishman, who has lived in America, must be accepted as authentic, but it is none the less bewildering. This must be taken into account in order to fully appreciate the merit of Miss McNay's performance.

'Tis a long cry from the Strand to Holloway; but since we have always advocated the advisability of establishing theatres in the suburbs, we cannot resist the temptation of saying a good word for Mr. G. B. Phillips's management of the Parkhurst Theatre. He has judiciously selected his plays, alternating Shakespeare—always "a draw" in the suburbs—with such sterling melodramas as *In the Ranks* and *The Two Orphans*. This week we witnessed an admirable performance of this last-named piece, with such capital artists as Miss Muriel Wylford and Miss Marion Denvil as Henrietta and Louise, and Miss Kate Kearney as La Frochard. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, a rising young actor, played the part of Pierre in a sympathetic manner, and Miss Ethel Verne, as Marianne, created quite an impression by her powerful acting and fine presence.

The now famous "triple bill" has migrated from the Shaftesbury to Toole's Theatre, and Mr. Brandon Thomas and his clever companions are as popular there as ever. The company has been strengthened by the engagement of Miss Phyllis Broughton, who replaces Miss Norreys.

Of Messrs. F. C. Phillips's and C. Brookfield's version of *Les Mariages Riches* we hope to speak next week.

#### THE COMPLAINT OF THE BARRED.

**M**IGHTY Shade of Taliesin!  
Glorious Ghost of Llwyarch Henn!  
How do you feel about the mess in  
Which you see your countrymen?  
Tuneful Spook of Great Aneurin!  
Don't you find it past enduring,  
Thus to treat your greater son?  
You, too, Dafydd—you Ap-Gwilym,  
Don't you wish that you could kill 'em,  
When you think of what they've done?

Base electors of Carmarthen,  
Who such thanklessness have shown,  
Is your country's brightest star, then,  
All unseen by you alone?  
That you've not with pride elected,  
But disdainfully rejected,  
Him who should but ask and win;  
Him, the chief of Cambria's glories,  
The illustrious Mr. M-rr-s,  
L-w-s M-rr-s (of P-nbr-n).

When in 'Sixty-eight he wooed you,  
What, O ingrates, must you do  
But reject him—ah! how could you?  
For a man of eighty-two!  
When, again, with zeal still burning,  
After seventeen years returning,  
Once more woos you, who but he?  
Lo! this patient, constant lover  
Is again with scorn thrown over  
For a man of eighty-three.

Well may Mr. M-rr-s blame you  
On his fame who thus reflect,  
Or, alternatively, name you  
"Low of average intellect."  
Wipe, then, wipe away this stigma  
And present us this enigma  
Of ingratitude no more;  
Choose at last the bard derided,  
That is, if you're not provided  
With a man of eighty-four.

Soothe, O soothe, then, Taliesin,  
Make it straight with Llwyarch Henn,  
Earn, instead of curse, the blessing  
Of those two distinguished men!  
To Ap-Gwilym and Aneurin  
Send the tidings reassuring  
That you'll expiate your sin  
'Gainst the chief of Cambria's glories  
By electing Mr. M-rr-s,  
L-w-s M-rr-s (of P-nbr-n).

## REVIEWS.

## THE LIFE OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.\*

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR is neither a considerable politician nor a considerable man of letters; but he is a considerable journalist of a particular class. It was then natural that this little book should be as loudly trumpeted as possible in regard to the number of words in it, the number of minutes which Mr. T. P. O'Connor took to write the words, and so forth. It was no doubt something of a feat against time, being written throughout in fair current English of not the worst newspaper kind. Still, taking it as a composition involving next to no thought, and scarcely any looking up of authorities, there is nothing particularly wonderful in it, for we should suppose that there are not more words in it than in some very long—say three or four hours—House of Commons speeches, and the services of a shorthand writer or two, during say twice that period, with time to "extend," would therefore be all that was needed. But we need not spend more pains on this "record" of Mr. O'Connor's, and, indeed, we need not in the course of this review pay very much attention to Mr. O'Connor at all. On the whole, we put it down with rather a better opinion of him than we had before. If it is not exactly written with taste—the mere doing of the thing at the time and in the circumstances in which it was done precluded that—the taste is not so bad as might be expected; and there is a commendable effort to keep unnecessary argument and unnecessary blether, both on the England *v.* Ireland and on the Parnell *v.* anti-Parnell matters, out of the question. It might have been best not to do it at all; but a man who consented to do it at all might have been expected to do it much worse.

The point, however, of interest is of course not the living Mr. O'Connor, but the dead Mr. Parnell. It is a commonplace and a cliché that next to nothing was known of Mr. Parnell in his life; that, living, as he did, in the very midst of some of the worst practitioners of the worst styles of modern journalism, even gossip about him, except in one or two notorious instances, was strangely bare and barren. In such a case the wildest legends invariably arise about a man after his death, and they have duly arisen about Mr. Parnell. Within the last few days a wonderful story might have been read, in not always the lowest order of papers, to the effect that long ago Mr. Parnell was at a party at "Lady Hatherley's," that news arrived of an intention to assassinate him in his carriage, that he was warned by "one of the daughters of the house," who did not know him earlier; that he changed his vehicle, and the original one arrived home with a dagger (we think) stuck in the lining; that the angel guardians afterwards married Captain O'Shea, and so forth. Of course it never occurred to the inventor or transmitter of this marvellous tissue of absurdities to look up ordinary books of reference, and discover, among other things, that Mrs. O'Shea was married in 1867—seven years before anybody had heard of Mr. Parnell, and when there was no conceivable reason why anybody should want to assassinate him. The rule once formulated in such cases is immortal and unchanged—"Some won't know and the others won't care."

But as absurd stories like this are being set about, and likely to be so, it is all the more desirable that we should have some authentic record of the real Parnell. We are willing to believe that Mr. T. P. O'Connor would have given us this if he could; it is something to his credit that he has pretty frankly confessed that he has not got it to give us. It appears that he did not know Mr. Parnell at all early; it does not appear that at any period he knew him at all intimately. Mr. O'Connor has stoutly endeavoured to give what the gutter demands. He has confided to us how, when the irresistible Venus had subdued Mr. Parnell and (contrary to her wont) had induced him to be careless of his raiment, he wore a knitted waistcoat ("vest," most Parnellites would call it, but Mr. T. P. O'Connor, to his everlasting honour, does not), of a make and colour which shocked his æsthetic supporter's feelings. He has faithfully rendered for us Mr. Parnell's usual menu—brown-bread toast, a fried sole, a bird, and a pint of Moselle—which is not an indecent menu. He has, in a possibly unwise burst of confidence, informed us how the Irish party first learned that their leader was "carrying on," by the primitive, the infallible, but the by-gentlemen-as-a-rule-eschewed, process of opening his letters. He has got something to say of the colour of Mr. Parnell's eyes—his nose either Mr. O'Connor or his artist seems to have forgotten, for our author speaks of the face as "Greek," and in the portrait there is a huge concavity between forehead, nose, and eyes. We have facts palpitating with actuality about Mr. Parnell's hat. The shudder of the properly-trained valet is observable as we are told that in the evil days of bewitchment Mr. Parnell used "to allow his hair to remain uncut till it fell to his shoulders"—when, no doubt, a thousand loyal scissors would have been unsheathed, and five hundred loyal aprons donned if he had breathed a word of shearing to the party. For the most part the real Parnell remains as "dark to us" as, if we remember rightly, Mr. Carlyle did to Miss Blind when he began to talk sense about Italy. Only by a very few flashes here and there—sometimes

quite unintentional on Mr. O'Connor's part—is one able to construct some fragmentary outline of the man who did things so great and so evil, who met with payment in kind so inexorably complete.

No light, or very little, is thrown here on the all-important question, Why did Mr. Parnell take up the line which he actually took? Mr. O'Connor, of course, puts, but does not distinctly adopt, the common view, that it was maternal influence and maternal blood infusing that well-known Yankee hatred of England which still shows itself in the oddest of ways. He says that Mr. Parnell told tales of atrocities in '98; but there were plenty of tales to be told of atrocities on the other side during the same period, and Mr. Parnell does not strike one as a person whose blood was likely to be fired by any such thing. He hints at some police rudeness at Avondale, during a perquisition in Fenian times; but this, though it might inflame a mind already made up, never could determine the politics of a man who was already of age. The most valuable "light" that he does give is negative chiefly. He tells us, indeed, that Mr. Parnell was jilted in America during quite early life, and with the temperament which we now know that he possessed (and which long before it was known was an open secret), this may have had considerable effect. He tells us also that, though Mr. Parnell took a good deal of interest at one time in the practical management of his estate, he had scarcely any other interests, that he had "few ideas," that literature was almost a blank page to him, that he had hardly any amusements after he gave up cricket. We know, on the other hand, that he had no taste for general society, and that he had an extraordinary aptitude for a certain kind of politics.

Now, given a man of this type and in these circumstances, it is not, perhaps, very surprising that he should choose and should fall into the career which Mr. Parnell pursued with such wonderful results. Had he been educated differently, had he even been sent to a different college at Cambridge, things might have been quite different. As it was, he seems to have had no English friends, and even no Irish friends of importance, to keep him straight. He was evidently born for a politician; but orthodox Irish politics, even if he had had access to them, offered very little temptation to a man who had made up his mind from the first that it was better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven. His greatest, or at least strongest, qualities were not on the surface; the qualities that were on the surface were common or at a discount among the "West Briton" party. To the other side they were a perfect godsend. Somebody connected with Mr. Parnell had (not having been bid for high enough) stood out against the Union; he himself was undoubtedly of gentle blood and position, and, though not rich, of means. He had had the education of an English gentleman, and, in a certain way, had the manners of one. To any one who thinks of the state of the then Irish party the temptation will appear at once. Mr. Butt—whom Mr. Parnell treated like a former *Prêtre de Nemi*, receiving the wages himself in due time—was old, discredited, half-hearted, crippled by debt; the other gentlemen of the Nationalist party were eccentrics or nobodies. The class of member which, as a less keen eye than Mr. Parnell's might have perceived, was getting in favour with Irish constituencies consisted of men of no breeding and not much education, who were certain to lick the shoes of any superior who would treat them cavalierly enough, and show them game. The very alliance which Mr. Parnell formed at once with Mr. Biggar ought to have been, and was in some cases, a tell-tale of his whole political hand and play. By degrees he added Stephano and Trinculo to Caliban, Gigadibs and Backbite, Ventoso and Poor John to Stephano and Trinculo. The First, Second, and Third Murderers were not wanting in due background, and the thing went on merrily. That it never could have gone on if Mr. Gladstone had not first given away the ground inch by inch in his insane attempt to make concession keep pace with coercion, and then abandoned that ground at a sweep in the great treachery of the Home Rule Bill, is, of course, certain. But there is much less mystery in Mr. Parnell's actual success than there has been thought to be. He perished by the creatures he had made, after being stabbed in the back by Mr. Gladstone, who first bought his services and then got rid of him at the first opportunity. *C'est connu; c'est archiconnu*; and we do not know that the historian wants any more. The inquirer into private character may want more, but we strongly suspect that he is not likely to get it—we even doubt, to some extent, whether there was much to get.

## VERY ARCHIDIACONAL.\*

IT is a little more than thirty years since we welcomed, with due appreciation, a story published by Mr. Frederick W. Farrar, then an assistant-master at Harrow School, entitled *Eric; or, Little by Little*. It was a curious work, and we now receive, in two portly volumes, a romance called *Darkness and Dawn*, which may be considered to be in several respects complementary of its remote predecessor. Though the same hand wrote both, it is now no longer the hand of a schoolmaster, but

\* *The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell*. By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. London, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock, & Bowden.

\* *Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero*. An Histeric Tale. By F. W. Farrar. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.



is that (or those) of a canon, a rector, an archdeacon, and a chaplain. Which of these functionaries is most appropriately responsible for *Darkness and Dawn* it would be rash to surmise, and this is a pity, because important light might otherwise be thrown upon the great question, what functions are archidiaconal. All that can be said with certainty is, that the present essay in fiction is the fruit of the mature judgment and invention of the remarkable man who is best known to his contemporaries as Archdeacon Farrar. There seems to be something rather cheap about the title. It has the advantage of alliteration, but any one who is engaged in its perusal will be quite as likely to think of it as "Death and Damnation," as in the form of words chosen by the author. If it had been called "Nero; or, By Leaps and Bounds" there would have been a pleasing contrast with *Eric*, and the name would have been perfectly appropriate.

It has been indicated that, for a story (even for an improving story), *Darkness and Dawn* is long. No reader of Archdeacon Farrar's other works need be informed that it is rhetorical and grandiose. It deals with the career of the Emperor Nero from his accession to his death. The method adopted is that which, in cookery, is associated with the memory of Lord Sandwich. First you have a gorgeous chapter, about lictors, and diadems, and flashing jewels, and white arms, and polished helmets, and gleaming daggers, and ravishing strains of music, and females of evil reputation and corrupt manners. That is Imperial, and it is all *Darkness*. Then comes a chapter about meek and lowly Christians, hiding in squalid places, and holding little private Pentecosts in sand-pits; of noble deeds obscurely done; of peace, and forgiveness, and love, and courage, and self-denial, and conversions, and unutterable bliss under considerable difficulties. That is *Dawn*. Occasionally the artificer, rising to the heights of his skill, interpolates a chapter in which the two elements are so cunningly blended that, while the resulting compound is certainly both, it is difficult to say decisively in any given paragraph that it is either. Such are the scenes where Nero lolls in his podium, staring forlornly through a pierced emerald (see note 1000; *Nero's spectacles*), and the infantile loveliness of Poppaea, &c. &c., and the malignant scowl of Tigellinus, &c. &c., while before them, in the arena, the Christians encourage each other in the jaws of wild beasts with mutual promises of crowns, and harps, and white robes, and pray fervently for their tormentors; while sainted women undergo with superhuman fortitude indignities which, &c. &c.

That is really the whole of the book. The Archdeacon has preserved enough of the schoolmaster to give most of his references in notes at the end. "Note 37, page 52. *Gladiatorial games*. Not one incident is here described which does not find its authority in Martial *De Spectaculis*, and other epigrams, or in one or other of the many contemporary or later writers of the Empire. See Lipsius, *De Gladiatoriis* in his *Saturnalia*." "Note 24, page 170. *Otho's Banquet*. The details here described are derived in every particular from Pliny, Suetonius [it reads like "Ouida"], Seneca, and other ancient writers." Of course the names of all the principal characters, both Pagan and Christian, are familiar to the educated. St. Paul, and the Apostles St. Peter and St. John, all make their appearance, and St. Peter even condescends to perform a miracle, when some wicked person "set a savage dog upon him, which instantly became gentle when the Apostle laid his hand upon its head." The patristic story of how St. John was to be cast into boiling oil, and was saved by lightning striking the scaffold, is told with immense wealth of turgid verbiage; but Archdeacon Farrar's faith seems to have failed him, for while relating the story in all its incidents he interpolates an insinuation that this happened because it was a very hot and thunderous day to begin with, and when the storm began "the scaffold and the cauldron formed its inmost focus, having attracted the electric fluid by their woodwork and iron"! Of course there was no other woodwork and iron in Rome. It would be difficult to find a more pitiful example of the fear of science which affects some people who pose as champions of religion. Of course all the good people (including Britannicus and Octavia) turn Christians openly or secretly, and all the Pagans die miserable deaths. Of course, also, there is an endless quantity of fine writing about the aspect of nature and the architectural magnificence of the Cæsars, and an immense deal of moralizing as original and effective as this:—"But what was art, what was splendour, to a mind diseased?" One has to have been a schoolmaster to write a sentence like that, and even this painful apprenticeship will not always make a man strong enough. Apart from these particulars, it may fairly be said that the book is wholly constructed of the substance of the popular productions of the late Mr. Bohn. It is probable that some people prefer Archdeacon Farrar's literary style to Mr. Bohn's, and that some take the opposite view. There is something to be said for each. If a somewhat indistinct memory of the days when Mr. Farrar was a schoolmaster does not deceive us, Mr. Bohn's young men did not habitually write such sloppy English as "Agerinus set out, little foreseeing that he too was potentially a murdered man"—which what man is not?—but many of the Archdeacon's sentences are free from absolute blunder.

So far it may not have been made obvious what are the points in *Darkness and Dawn* to which the Archdeacon and his publishers look to ensure for it the enormous popularity which is understood to attend the works of the author. A few extracts will suffice to make that clear. Every one knows how, in the

words of "Paley's Ghost"—an author who once was, or might, or ought to have been, familiar to Archdeacon Farrar:—

To serve as candle-lights the Christians were well greased, he says, Or, forced in skins to fight, were worried by wild beasts.

Here are opportunities for appealing to tastes which will be widely spread until cruelty has ceased to be a human failing. Whether the Archdeacon can be considered to have neglected them, let a few lines of his own testify:—

Before an hour had passed the stakes stood charred and black, and underneath them were horrible heaps of death, still keeping some awful semblance of humanity, and the smoke curled and writhed about them, and streams of the melted and bubbling pitch quivered with small blue flames, or left black furrows on the burnt grass or the trampled sand.

The jubilee of massacre began with cruel flagellations, for the intention was to combine amusement with utility, and to represent these unnumbered agonies as a festival of expiation.

The first batch of martyrs were clad in the skins of wolves and leopards, and torn to death by hordes of fierce dogs.

Others had to take part in mythologic operas. . . . Fifty of these poor female martyrs were to be clothed in scarlet mantles as the daughters of Danaus, and, after undergoing nameless insults, were to be stabbed by an actor who personated Lynceus.

. . . The contest was all the more thrilling because the latter were very lightly clad, so that every wound and gash was visible in all its horror on their naked limbs, while the unhealed faces showed every triumphant or agonised expression which swept across them in that stormy scene.

Another scene, of which the more assiduous of Mr. Bohn's customers can hardly fail to have heard, is summarized by Archdeacon Farrar as follows:—

It was a chaos of abomination, such as would not have been possible in any other age than the first century after Christ, or in any other place than Imperial Rome. No Christian pen can paint that revelry of Antichrist, or do more than distantly allude to the scenes which followed, when Nero, disguised in the skin of a bear, crawled on all fours among the vilest of those wretches, and gave to him "who saw the Apocalypse" the image of the wild beast who sprang from the foul scum of the world's most turbid sea.

This passage is the termination of a paragraph a page long, giving a luscious and elaborate description of the entertainment referred to. A "Christian pen" may be under disabilities; but it would seem that an archidiaconal pen may indulge in rhapsodies different in degree rather than in kind from those which supplied the adjective *Sadie* to express in one word the conjunction of two ideas. *Darkness and Dawn* may not be original—the author does not claim that it is; and may not be literature—it would be surprising if it were. It is, however, likely to achieve a lasting popularity of a certain kind, and to "give to think" as to their chaplain to certain members of the House of Commons, if they should happen to read it and to understand it. In that event the author will have the consolation of reflecting, in the words of his preface, that "The purport of this tale is no less high and serious than that which I have had in view in every other book which I have written."

#### EDIBLE FUNGI.\*

THIS is a book at the perusal of which not merely the old-fashioned British housewife, but even the most learned and respectable of herbalists, would once have turned pale with horror. Mr. Cooke bases his claim to be considered a mycophagist on having feasted upon sixty-five different species of fungi. His attitude towards a fungus is that until you have proved it to be nasty you should conclude it to be nice. This is, indeed, a revolutionary attitude of mind. Galen warned his patients away from all mushrooms, affirming "that they are all very cold and moist, and therefore do approach unto a venomous and murdering faculty, and engender a clammy, pitted, and cold nutriment if they be eaten." Gerarde, or his editor of 1633, who quotes Galen to this effect, sums up on his own account in terms very unfavourable to the British fungi. "I give my advice," he says, "unto those that love such strange and newfangled meats to beware of licking honey among thorns, lest the sweetness of the one do not counteravall the sharpness and pricking of the other." Gerarde gives a single timid sheet of *fungi vulgatissimi esculenti*, among which we are able, by the aid of Mr. Cooke's plates, to identify *Clavaria amethystina* and *Morchella esculenta*. But his pages of *fungi lethales* (which condemnation, as a wise man, he tempers by *aut saltem non esculenti*) include the green sweet mushroom, *Agaricus odoratus*, the delicious chanterelle, *Cantharellus cibarius*, and other varieties now well known to be not merely innocent, but positively toothsome, species. Gerarde seems to have had unfortunate experiences with the *boleti*; for he describes these fungi as most venomous and full of poison; he must have tried the varieties that turn blue when they are broken.

The present season, or the one which is now passing, has naturally drawn the attention of mycophagists once more to the pleasures of the table. Fungi were comparatively rare in 1889 and 1890; but 1891, if we may trust our own observation, has been singularly rich in these strange forms. Few persons who have come across *boleti* and agarics in profusion in meadows and woods this autumn can have failed to lament that so deep an

\* *British Edible Fungi: how to Distinguish and how to Cook them.* With Coloured Figures of upwards of forty species. By M. C. Cooke. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1891.

ignorance and so unassailable a prejudice prevent this large mass of wholesome and palatable food from being eaten. We are pleased to welcome Mr. Cooke's useful volume. It is, we think, the only efficient elementary handbook to the edible British fungi which has been published. In this respect England is behind France. In most little wayside inns in the latter country may be found the coloured charts of eatable mushrooms published by the French Government for the use of the poor. It will probably be long before we enjoy a provision so paternal; but at least our savants, and above all the Woolhope Club, whose whole function is to prove the uneaten toothsome and the filthy pure, might attempt to spread among the agricultural lower classes, or, for that matter, higher classes, a just sense of when a mushroom is or is not poisonous. With remarkable judgment Mr. Cooke gives no illustrations or descriptions of the poisonous varieties, not being desirous to encourage rash experiment, but to make thoroughly familiar those species whose merits have been ascertained beyond a doubt.

It would appear that there has been some decline in the popularity of other fungi than the solitary species now generally eaten. If it is true that our word "mushroom" is derived from "mouceron," or "mousseron," the French name of *Agaricus gambosus*, that must at one time have been the normal variety. At present comparatively few cooks would venture to prepare *gambosus*, "the St. George's Mushroom," for the table, alarmed at its watery whiteness and strong odour. Yet eaters of fungi usually prefer it to any other species. Mr. Worthington Smith styles it "one of the rarest delicacies of the vegetable kingdom," and another authority is "inclined to give it the highest place as an agaric for the table." Mr. Cooke himself has "breakfasted upon it daily for a week, without surfeit or inconvenience." This fungus has the advantage of being common in meadows and pastures in spring, when such dainties are rare. Perhaps some of our readers may be pleased to have the Woolhope Club receipt for *Agaricus gambosus*:-

Place some fresh-made toast, nicely divided, on a dish, and put the agarics upon it, with a small piece of butter on each; then pour on each a teaspoonful of milk or cream, and add a single clove to the whole dish. Place an inverted basin over the whole, bake for twenty minutes, and serve without removing the basin until it comes to the table, so as to preserve the heat and the aroma, which on lifting the cover will be diffused through the room.

It is not the opinion of Mr. Cooke that any general rule can be laid down by which good or harmless fungi can be distinguished from those which are deleterious. The French, we may observe, have given great attention to this point, and we may commend to Mr. Cooke's notice two comparatively recent publications in which he will find much that will interest him. We refer to the *Histoire naturelle des champignons comestibles et vénéneux* of M. J. Sicart, 1883, and the *Aperçu des qualités utiles et nuisibles des champignons* of M. Quelet, 1884. We believe that as a matter of fact certain acids, ultimately toxic, exist in all mushrooms, but that it is only in certain species that these are so emphatic as to be dangerous or even inconvenient. All fungi are of an extremely watery quality, and in some species no less than nine-tenths of the weight is water. It is probably those in which water forms a preponderating element which are least noxious. At the same time, we wholly agree with Mr. Cooke that for practical purposes by far the best plan for the tiro is to neglect first principles and to take pains "to become acquainted, by means of well-defined features, with some of the best of the esculent species, and by no means to experiment with those that are unknown." Our author gives careful coloured plates of forty-four edible fungi, and though he himself has feasted upon, not these only, but twenty-one others, yet we think a modest culinary ambition may fairly be bounded by the forty-four. He who has eaten all these may well boast that he has, "greatly daring, dined." One point we are glad to see that Mr. Cooke insists upon. The common superstition that peeling easily is a test of innocuousness is an absolute error.

A certain aloofness, to say the least, is to be deplored, but still to be expected, on the part of most cooks who glance at Mr. Cooke's illustrations. We have no doubt whatever that *Tricholoma nudus*, otherwise called "blue caps," is all that its admirers claim for it, delicate and agreeable to the palate, either minced or fricasseed with meat, but we should like to see what sort of face the kitchen would make at being called upon to eat this ghastly blue object, picked up, like a corpse, out of drifts of dead leaves. Nor are the slimy, ivory-coloured tufts which grow under beech trees, *mucidus*, nor the oyster-shaped fungi, like overlapping tiles, which cluster on decaying wood, *ostreatus*, likely to attract an ingenuous taste, although the former be "very tender and delicate on sippets of toast," and the latter "firm, fleshy, pleasant, and digestible." Much has to be taken on faith, especially when it comes to relishing the great varnished *boleti*, which look like wooden imitations of a penny bun, and *Fistulina hepatica*, which seems to proffer sudden death from its clammy purple surface and the stemless, shapeless hideousness of its form. Yet experience tells us, or tells Mr. Cooke, that appearances were never more deceitful than in the case of *Fistulina*. This is known to gourmets as the "vegetable beef steak," but it seems to be rather the sauce than the meat; it has an odour of wine, a slight acidity, and Mr. Cooke recommends that it should be sliced up and fried together with rump steak, to which it furnishes a savoury addition. "Of course," he adds, "it may be fried and eaten by itself, but it gives

more satisfaction when treated as a sauce." We are longing to try it, but we wish it were not quite so much like Russian leather on the top, nor so extremely pustulated underneath.

Some of these edible fungi, however, are so delicate and refined-looking that it needs no persuasion to convince us that they are dainties. The greatest favourite, we believe, among convinced fungus-eaters is the "parasol mushroom," *Agaricus procerus*. It would never have occurred to us that these graceful objects were edible, but we should have not the least repugnance to feeding upon them. The "parasol" is a delicate fungus which lifts in air a soft cap, from three to seven inches broad, dark brown in colour at the top and shading away to the palest reddish grey, with broad brown flakes on the sides. It is supported by a slender and elegant grey stem, and looks like nothing so much as the traditional hut in which Robinson Crusoe resided. There are four species of "parasol," and all are edible. Dr. Bull, who evidently knows what's what, speaks of them collectively as "a delicious fungus." He had probably just risen from partaking of parasols minced, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little lemon-juice, stewed in a warm oven for ten minutes, scoloped, layer by layer, in fresh bread-crumbs moistened with cream, baked for five minutes, and browned well before a quick fire. It sounds a supper for an anchorite, and with this sauce a man could eat, not his grandmother only, but *Boletus scaber*, which looks a much tougher customer than any Christian relative. The Woolhope Club receipt for "Procerus omelette" tempts us, but we turn the page.

Our author confesses to a predilection, and he is so excellent in reporting the tastes of others that we owe him all attention when he mentions his own favourite. He speaks warmly of the "parasol," but, for preference, give him "dusky caps." This is the popular name of *Agaricus nebularius*, of which, in obedience to a modest instinct so excessive as to be positively blameworthy, Mr. Cooke gives no plate. By this omission he has reduced the number of our possible pleasures. We should have enjoyed eating what he finds "most delicate and delicious served on toast," but description is not enough for us; we shall certainly not venture upon tasting any species but those of which Mr. Cooke has given coloured illustrations. Of these kinds, we doubt not, more will presently be devoured than ever before, since, if indeed the ewe bites not of the green sour ringlets which the nimble elves do make by moonshine, it is now certain that the ewe makes a great mistake, and proves herself unworthy of the refined attentions of the elves.

#### RODNEY.\*

RODNEY'S place in our naval history is determined by the events of the last three years of his active service. Before that period began he had completed his sixtieth year, had risen to the head of his profession, and was known as a capable commander, but the work which made his name famous for all time had not yet been done. What that work was is told with remarkable ability in the volume before us. Accounts of naval manoeuvres and actions are seldom so written as to be understood easily by landsmen; and perhaps comparatively few of our readers have any very distinct idea of the three battles on which Rodney's glory rests or of the exact nature of the change in naval tactics connected with his name. Mr. Hannay makes these matters perfectly clear, and does so without the help of chart or plan; some help of this sort would have made his task far easier; it could not have made his explanations more intelligible. While he has much to explain, he is never dull or didactic, and when he comes to the famous battles that took the heart out of the fleets of France and Spain, fully rises to the level of his story. For twenty-nine years, from 1730, when Rodney first went to sea, at the age of twelve, to 1759, when he was promoted rear-admiral, his naval career presents scarcely anything of special interest. Now this period might have been treated in more ways than one. For example, a wooden though conscientious biographer would, after taking infinite pains to find them out, have recorded several facts of infinitely small importance, and would have contentedly served up to us a dish of bones as dry as Ezekiel's. Mr. Hannay is a biographer of another sort. He is conscientious enough, and has been able in two instances to supplement or correct statements in Mundy's *Life* with respect to Rodney's appointments. He is of course much indebted to Mundy for facts, and is therefore becomingly silent as to these two slight improvements on the work of the older author. While, however, he is painstaking about such matters as these, he gives us something far better; for he interests us in this part of his work, which in less skilful hands would have been dry and uninteresting, by treating various circumstances in Rodney's life as illustrations of the condition of naval affairs at the time. The admission of Rodney into the service as a King's-letter boy, for instance, leads him to discuss the organization of the navy, and to point out the good as well as the bad side of the patronage exercised by admirals and captains. When he comes to the appointment of Rodney as governor of Newfoundland, he tells us how the fisheries were protected, and the ships carrying stock-fish and other merchandise were conveyed to their respective destinations in the Mediterranean. So, too, he

\* *English Men of Action—Rodney.* By David Hannay. London: and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.



devotes the larger part of a chapter to the system of impressing men for the fleet, which it was Rodney's duty to carry out as captain of various guardships, when we were preparing for the Seven Years' War.

After recording Rodney's promotion to flag-rank, Mr. Hannay, whose arrangement here and elsewhere is excellent, turns for a few pages to his Parliamentary career. Rodney first sat for Saltash on the nomination of John Cleveland, or Cleveland, as the name is printed here, and as, perhaps, the owner wrote it, the Clerk of the Admiralty, and afterwards received a nomination from the Duke of Newcastle, who also helped him to a third seat. Later he was a Tory, and one of the "King's friends." There is little to say about his doings in Parliament, for he looked upon a seat chiefly as the means of establishing a claim to the good things of his profession. He behaved towards the Duke of Newcastle with a subservience common enough in those days among gentlemen of position. Of course promises of unconditional obedience, such as Rodney made to the Duke, seem shameful now, though whether they were really more shameful than promises to obey the behests of a caucus is, as Mr. Hannay sensibly remarks, a question of taste. Still Rodney's conduct in this respect was not such as was reckoned honourable to a man even at that time. In some other respects, his character was not equal to his achievements. He was too eager to further his own interests, and few things seem to have touched him so nearly as a disappointment of his hopes of prize-money. In this he was by no means peculiar; for, as is pointed out here, an eager desire for booty was general among both officers and men. This desire led him, towards the end of his service, to commit a serious mistake—to call it by no harsher name—the consequences of which troubled the remainder of his days. His indiscriminate seizure of the goods of the merchants—British and foreign alike—at St. Eustatius was the result "of inability to resist temptation to look after his pocket too eagerly." This failing may, in part, be excused by his poverty. Well-born—for there is no reason to doubt that he came of the Rodneys of Rodney Stoke, perhaps the most ancient family in Somerset—treated as a kinsman by the Duke of Chandos, and allied by marriage to the house of Compton, he lived when ashore in the highest society, and incurred debts chiefly through losses at play. His embarrassments were increased by the cost of his election for Northampton, in 1768. This election is famous in the history of bribery, and if Mr. Hannay had consulted Lord Chesterfield's *Letters and Walpole's Memoirs*, he would have been able to speak more certainly about the amount of money spent on it by Rodney and others; it was said to have cost the candidates at least 30,000*l.* a side. When Rodney struck his flag in 1774, he was forced to leave England and live in Paris for three years in the hope of economizing. Keen as he was after money, he did not countenance any jobbery in the service, as may be seen by a pleasant story concerning the watering-place at Jamaica. With his subordinates he stood too much on his dignity, and while he ensured obedience by enforcing discipline, which was just what our navy wanted at the time of the American War, he was not a commander that inspired men. One of Rodney's early achievements after he had been promoted rear-admiral was the taking of Martinique and other French possessions in the West Indies. A little more should, we think, have been made here of these conquests which, Sir Richard Lyttelton wrote from Rome, "astonished all Europe." To make an end of anything like faultfinding with this delightful book, we may as well note in this place that Mr. Hannay is not always quite careful enough over names. Though people in the eighteenth century wrote Keynsham as Kainsham, it is better to spell the name as it is invariably spelt now. Keppel's enemy was Sir Hugh, not Sir George, Palliser, and "Souffren" is an ugly misprint. These, however, are trifling matters.

The events which entitle Rodney to a place among "the great men of the Empire" began when he set sail, as Admiral of the White, at the end of 1779, to relieve Gibraltar, then besieged by land and sea, and thence proceed to the West Indies. His first object was gained by his brilliant victory over the Spanish fleet to the east of Cape St. Vincent. The fight began late on a January afternoon, and, though the wind rose till it blew a gale, was carried on through the night, our ships hotly chasing the enemy until his fleet was virtually destroyed, and at 2 A.M. the Admiral, who then "had the dangerous shoals of San Lucar under his lee, signalled to stop the pursuit." After a vigorous description of this battle, Mr. Hannay prepares his readers for what he has to tell them about Rodney's manoeuvres and victories in the West Indies by explaining how the trade wind influenced naval warfare among the Lesser Antilles, "the gates of the West Indies." He next compares the crews of the English and French fleets, and then passes to the tactics of the time. From the end of the seventeenth century the practice of the admirals of the Commonwealth and Charles II. of getting in amongst the enemy's ships and breaking him up had been disused and forgotten. The first duty of the British admiral was held to be to keep his ships in line of battle, and, if possible, to engage the enemy "van to van, centre to centre, rear to rear, to go at it hammer and tongs, ship to ship." As the French admirals would never willingly run the risk of losing ships, they avoided such smashing fights by refusing to meet us halfway. Our admirals tried to get to windward, so as to be able to force on an engagement, and the French were content to accept battle to leeward, so as to be able to sheer off if necessary. Then, when

within gunshot, our fleet would sail in line of battle along the enemy's line, "cannonading and cannonaded." The result of this mode of fighting was that our battles were frequently indecisive. A landsman, Clerk of Eldin, deserves, as Mr. Hannay says, the credit of solving a problem which was exercising the minds of many others, of pointing out how a commander might ensure a decisive battle with an enemy in line. Whether Rodney owed anything to Clerk's papers is a question which Mr. Hannay does not pretend to decide. We gather, however, that he considers that the scheme of battle which Rodney tried to carry out on April 17th, 1780, was all his own. On that day he fought on a carefully-prepared plan, the object of which was "to throw the whole of his ships on a part of the enemy." Unfortunately, his captains failed to understand what he was about; they interpreted his signal for each ship to engage the ship opposite to her as meaning, not that each was to engage the one opposite to her at the moment, but the one which would be opposite in the order of the line. His plan was defeated, and the fleets separated, both "badly mauled," after an indecisive action. The failure was partly due to a spirit of pedantry engendered by the foolish system of sending admirals to fight the enemy according to a set of "Fighting Orders."

In the great battle of April 12th, 1782, the Fighting Orders were disregarded. If any Englishman can read Mr. Hannay's account of this battle without some stirring of the blood he must be a clammy sort of creature. It was time that England showed that she still was mistress on the sea. The American War had ended in disaster, and the fleets of France and Spain were gathering for a combined attack on Jamaica. We have an interesting description of the "field of battle," and of the physical conditions which largely determined the course of the fighting. On the 9th an indecisive action took place; the Count de Grasse, the French admiral, let a fine chance slip because he feared to risk his ships. At last on the morning of the 12th Sir Charles Douglas brought Rodney word that "God had given him his enemy on the lee bow." The fight began in the old fashion, and the decision which gave it its exceptional importance was, Mr. Hannay points out, quite unpremeditated. A shift in the wind caused a gap in the French line, and Douglas urged the Admiral to steer his ship, the *Formidable*, through it. After a short dispute Rodney yielded; "the *Formidable* swung round to starboard, and cut through the French line, pouring her broadside into the *Glorieux* to the right, and the *Diademe* to the left as she went." This time Rodney's captains followed him, though the signal to engage to leeward was still flying, and "all the eleven ships of Vaudreuil's division were cut off from the other nineteen." Meanwhile, owing to a piece of luck, of which our captains took full advantage, the French line had been cut in another place. And so, after hotly firing into the enemy, "all our ships being up to windward and out of the smoke, we could look back, as the wind scattered it, and rolled it to the west—could look and see such a spectacle as no British seaman had seen in this war so far. There to westward and south-westward of us lay the French, broken into three fragments." Rodney's victory had a beneficial effect on the Peace of 1783. Its effect on the history of the navy was even more important. Our admirals, no longer fettered by pedantic rules, thought only of breaking up and crushing the enemy. Rodney himself, Mr. Hannay observes in the course of the well-considered estimate with which he ends his book, was "not an innovator"; he had not designed to break the French line on April 12th. That he was a tactician is proved by his plan for the battle of April 17th, 1780, and "as a tactician his glory is that he endeavoured to use the old tactics with intelligence."

## NOVELS.\*

AS long as the world lasts people will be taken by pretty faces, and attracted or repelled by the titles of books. Owing to this universal law, Miss Croker has obtained a good start in the estimation of her readers by the name she has given to her new novel. It is a relief to turn from Shakspearian quotations and Bible texts (which predispose us to find the emotional discourses and pages of moralizing that usually are not far to seek), and to throw ourselves back into a time when things were simpler than they are now—when pride was not called sensitiveness, nor prejudice, discrimination. *Interference* at once bespeaks our interest, and inspires a confidence in Miss Croker, which, on the whole, is by no means misplaced. Her latest story of Irish life is certainly not a masterpiece in any shape, but it is a pleasant, natural, readable novel, which will agreeably relieve the tedium and eccentricities of a railway journey. Her heroine, Betty, is neither fast nor foolish, and her hero, George, in spite of being a little shadowy, is an attractive young man who does his utmost for the very wearisome and half-mad wife whom fate, in the shape of a self-prescribed mother-in-law, has

\* *Interference*. By B. M. Croker. 3 vols. London: F. V. White. 1891.  
*Deck-Chair Stories*. By Richard Davies. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

*Mr. Zinzan of Bath*. By Mary Deane. London: Innes & Co. 1891.  
*P's and Q's, and Lucy's Wonderful Globe*. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan. 1891.

*Unless*. By Randolph Haines. London: Blackwood. 1891.

*Won by Honour*. By Vanda. London: Digby & Long. 1891.

sent him. The first volume is, perhaps, the best of the three. The slipshod, happy-go-lucky Irish people, with their capacity for enjoyment in the most adverse circumstances, and their willingness (nay, even anxiety) to profit by the opportunities of the postmistress in the matter of cards and telegrams, are drawn with a light amusing touch that would mitigate the horrors of a wait at Didcot, or a prolonged detention at Tebay. No two of these village residents are alike, yet nobody is too good or too peculiar to exist comfortably. Not a soul (except the old maid, Miss Dopping) has more money than he strictly needs to carry him along from day to day, yet, on the whole, the burden of debt sits lightly upon every one. For many chapters the story jogs on cheerfully, its paces only disturbed by an explosion of frankness on the part of the terrible young person known as Cuckoo, or an ebullition of temper on that of the scheming young lady called Belle, and the reader begins to ask himself anxiously where the title comes in. But with the departure of George Holroyd for India matters grow more serious, and culminate when the aged adventuress, Mrs. Redmond, hands over the proposal Holroyd has enclosed for her niece Betty, who has been expecting it, to her daughter Belle, who has been expecting it also, though with much less reason. So far it may be objected that the plot is by no means new; but Miss Croker has handled her rather rusty tools with a dexterity that does her credit, and she has introduced a new feature in making the daughter ignorant of her mother's wrongdoing, and also in inducing Mrs. Redmond to write a letter confessing her enormities. Of course Mrs. Redmond would never have done anything so honest had she not known she was on her death-bed; neither would George have consented to marry the substituted Belle had not Mrs. Redmond announced in her letter Betty's engagement to an old admirer. Belle's voyage out and her reception in India, her triumphs and her tantrums, are extremely well described, and the signs of approaching madness are subtly indicated. It is needless to say that in the end, a little sooner than is perhaps likely, death plays his usual friendly part (in novels), and everything is happily settled; but if the third volume is a little spun out and the *dénouement* a trifle hasty, these drawbacks will not be perceptible in the enjoyment of a pleasant unpretentious story.

*Deck-Chair Stories* are old friends which have appeared in one magazine or another, and are connected in our minds with sofas and rainy days. The most original of them all is "The Curious Case of William Batten," a shopman who disappeared, and was found after long searching unable to give any account of himself, and died speechless a few days after his restoration to his friends. Mr. Davies has a direct and simple way of telling his tales which is much more effective than fine writing; and, even under impossible circumstances, his characters always behave in a possible way. William Batten and his sweetheart, Jane Sadly, are absolutely unromantic in themselves, but they are rendered attractive by their human sympathies and the misfortunes that befell them. Mr. Davies has likewise struck an unexpected note in "Vale Place, Pont Street," where a handsome widow intends to marry for money, and does marry for love, though it must be admitted that a young man dependent on his father is hardly a promising subject for fortune-hunters. As for "Princess Poppea," the word "diamonds," mentioned early in the tale, is a kind of Masonic sign that instantly discloses to us the rest of the plot. There is nothing new about it—except the end. The well-dressed lady-thief, "without a wedding garment," who strays "by mistake" into smart parties, and gracefully apologizes, and retires enriched by some stray bracelets and brooches, may be an old acquaintance, but she is always, somehow, interesting to meet. But it may be doubted whether many ladies have the vivid imagination of the "Venus of Paris," and can so realize the changes that time will bring that they prefer death to decay. One of Mr. Davies's greatest merits is that he does not take himself too seriously, and another, that he knows where to stop. Deck-chairs are not intended to be vehicles of profound reflection, and the essence of popularity is the power of adapting yourself to your surroundings—two truths which Mr. Davies has laid to heart.

It is seldom indeed that the illustrations of a modern story are worthy of praise, and if they are inoffensive enough to escape criticism it is a very unusual circumstance. The little sketches of Old Bath which are scattered up and down Miss Deane's narrative of the city, in the days when Beau Nash reigned supreme, are extremely pretty and well drawn, and to many people will form the chief attraction of the book. Miss Deane has set herself conscientiously to study the manners and customs of our ancestors in the reign of George II., and has produced an agreeable little tale enough, but her characters lack individuality and her incidents have more the air of being forcibly brought in from the outside than of being the outcome of anything that has happened before. Occasionally, too, the language which is put into the mouths of these hooped and gold-laced personages has a singularly modern flavour. "A beast of a ghost" (p. 33) comes oddly from a damsel in a generation when youth never spoke save in answer to a question, and rarely sat down in presence of its elders; and "You have me there" (p. 78) sounds somewhat out of place in a member of Parliament accustomed to listen to the periods of Pitt. She has made rather an error, too, in the matter of her young parson. In those days the clergy occupied a very inferior position, at any rate until they became Bishops and Deans, and few young men of good family entered the Church; even had they done so from religious motives,

they would never have expected to be received on terms of equality as the brother of Mr. Zinzan, the curate of the Abbey, apparently does. Also, is not Miss Deane mistaken when she transfers the episode of the great lady at the ball discarding her apron at the command of Beau Nash to the Duchess of Kingston, and was not Her Grace of Queensberry the real heroine of the affair? Dolly Chesney, the ideal maiden, who serves her apprenticeship to the world during a few months at Bath, is a pretty, attractive figure, but the reader would realize her better if her hair did not so often change from nut-brown to blonde, and her eyes from hazel to blue, and then back again. Yet novice and chameleon though she may be, she makes a valiant fight for her lover against a rich and beautiful but heartless young woman, who throws over this much-admired baronet for an aged marquess, from whom she can obtain a coronet, though not (as Miss Deane says) strawberry leaves. Still, notwithstanding these little faults, the book will probably become popular among the many friends and patients of "The Bath," and in its popularity the illustrations may claim a large share, though perhaps the costumes lean a little more to the style of the early part of George III.'s reign, instead of to George II.'s.

The first of the two stories which compose Miss Yonge's Christmas volume is of the familiar sort, only the little girl it deals with is rather naughtier than usual. Her naughtiness is absolutely natural and rather amusing, and we are sorry when she shows signs of repenting and of becoming good. The second story is useful as a lesson in ethnology and geography for children, but not particularly good reading for their elders, for whom, of course, it is not intended. Miss Yonge is a wonderful person, whose freshness and vigour are unabated after many years of authorship. She has gained for herself a large public, and any book she writes is pretty certain of a welcome. It is a pity, however, that the volume should be disfigured by such exceedingly bad illustrations, the worst we have seen for many a day.

Unless is apparently a first attempt, and cannot be said to show much promise. It bristles with melodramatic incidents, which do not hang together; indeed nothing is more remarkable in the whole book than the way that people act without reference to any reason whatever. The reader feels like some of those dreadful children who are always tormenting their elders with questions, and never waiting for a reply. Why, we may ask, were the parents of a rich, beautiful, and charming daughter so anxious for her to marry a penniless medical student like Paul Hunter? Why did the girl accept him? Why did she cry for three days after her wedding day? Why did all those curious things happen in Italy? Why did the bride go back to him? Why, why, why, a quantity of incidents more? No explanation, at least no adequate explanation, is given, but as the writer is evidently a tiro, it may be well not to insist on an answer to these queries, and instead, to hope that, if ever Mr. Haines writes a story again, he will bestow more care on the construction.

It was a very "mad world" indeed when Vanda produced *Won by Honour*. The reader stares helplessly at the pages before him, and wonders if he sees aright, or if his eyes are playing him false. The book is wholly without form, and void of either sense or grammar, and there is nothing to compensate for the lack of these qualities. It is almost impossible to discover who anybody is, or what they are all doing, and their names are as queer as their behaviour. There are Sir Michal (generally supposed to be a woman's name), Lord Ersket, Chantry, Earl of Covertmoor, Antone, and many more. They all talk in language which may be in common use in the fixed stars, but is certainly unknown on earth, and will hardly bear looking into. "I warn you," exclaims a maiden of seventeen, on p. 5, "I am not one who in trial sinks to that strata where honour wanes"; and she is answered appropriately by her contemporary, Antone, son to Earl Gortzey, who is to him but "an acclimated recollection" (p. 8). This Antone, whose reminiscences of his father recall the Scotch riddle about "A seed you let it drop" (acclimated drop), is not to be judged by ordinary rules, as he is capable in his sleep of talking "with an animated gush," and exclaiming, "Other men have been equally alone, thus hemmed in by obstacles, yet they have succeeded in reaching the heights. Why not I?" (p. 19). While thus sleeping, and ruminating, and talking, he is surprised by the Earl of Covertmoor, who reflects that the lot of the youth who has strayed into his retreat "is very different to that" of his own son, "who knew no single lack"; but Antone, waking, "rose in an instant to the necessity of such a predicament," and made friends with the Earl, even visiting him on a night "only definable as one of 'skunking darkness.'" For some reason the Hon. Antone is shortly after offered a commission in the Spanish army; and the boy, whose "capabilities were of the soaring order," finds himself the right man in the right place, and discovers that no one minds the fact that he "carries with him the stigma of his mother's death"—which means that the poor lady died in child-birth. We are not surprised to learn that a person with such command of language, sleeping or waking, should speedily have risen to a post of trust, and have obtained public commendation from the "royal youthful commander-in-chief," who addresses the Queen before the whole army as "Royal and blessed of maters." Further than this, we have not followed the fortunes of this remarkable youth, but we feel sure that the end of his career was worthy of the beginning, and that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."



## LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF E. L. BLANCHARD.\*

A CREATURE more whimsical and lovable than the late Edward Litt Laman Blanchard has seldom passed away. Generous, genial, innocent, and good-hearted, he had all of the Bohemian except the crapula, all of the humourist except the capacity to wound. In a time when the conditions of life furnished more leisure for retrospect, his tall drooping form and pale refined face with the boy's eyes would long haunt Fleet Street and the Strand. As it is he is more than half forgotten even in those club haunts at which he was one of the most familiar of figures. Small clubs founded by a few fellow-workers in journalism and art have no element of lasting cohesion, and soon die or lose their character; and the few years of Blanchard's decline, and his consequent absence from social gatherings, were enough to render him, in many quarters where he was even well known, little more than a name. What, should they ever be collected, would be known as his works, his pantomimes, of which he wrote very many, his farces, and his songs, convey a very imperfect estimate of his powers. The songs are facile and humorous rather than excellent, and the graceful fancies he introduced into his Christmas pieces were marred, if they were not omitted, by executants incapable of grasping an idea of poetry or of metre. A poet Blanchard was not, and his literary baggage will not be burdensome to carry. He had pleasant antiquarian sympathies, and a curious and inexact antiquarian knowledge, a power of delightful exaggeration, and a trick of narration which, when accompanied by the smile rarely wanting from his face, rendered him in his early days irresistible in society. His best anecdotes were pieces of pure imagination, and varied according to the humour or company in which he found himself. His biographers narrate a story concerning what Blanchard used to call the "Sadler's Wells dog," told, as they state, to banter a previous story-teller of Munchausenlike invention, to the effect that the dog used on Saturday evening to step into the theatre, watch the performance, and mark approval by tapping on the floor with his tail, greet with a whine of pleasure a well-delivered passage, reward the sallies of a Shakspearian clown with a grin, and resent over-acting with a growl. Another version of the story of which Blanchard was not less fond was, that the dog in question went nightly to the theatre, perused the bill, and if the performance were Shakspearian entered the house and sat it out, but in the opposite case manifested in canine fashion his disapproval of the programme.

As a theatrical critic Blanchard, at least in journalistic circles, is best known. Aiming rather at pleasant characterization of piece and actor than at analysis, he has no message to which the world will stop to listen. Some of his sayings are models of polished banter. One, not so far as we know reprinted, was upon the performance of a burlesque of an historical subject produced at a West-End theatre, in which, after the fashion of the day, the supply of clothing accorded the less important actresses was scanty. Misses So-and-so, wrote Blanchard, naming the ladies employed, "presented the nobles of the court, and allowed, it must be said, very little to come

\* Betwixt the wind and their nobility."

For the rest his notices were always as indulgent as was to be expected from one against whom the only accusation ever brought was that he "lost distinction" in his friendships, and welcomed with equal warmth those who sought his intimacy with purpose to betray and those who cherished him as he deserved.

His diary now published has a double interest. As a record of stage doings it aims at being supplementary to the stage history of Genest; as a revelation of personal character it further endears the writer. Thanks to the added information of Mr. Cecil Howard, it fulfils in a way the purposes of a stage chronicle. Genest leaves off at 1830. Blanchard begins in a fashion a decade later, but is not until some years afterwards comprehensive in his annals. When he is most outspoken the observations are few, many pieces of interest and importance being discussed without a word of comment. Blanchard, it is known, meditated a continuation of Genest. A handsome contribution to the expenses of the undertaking was promised by Mr. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, and many of Blanchard's fellow-workers were willing to subscribe. The scheme fell through, however, and the present work is what remains to assist the future historian. With a long index—which, however, might with advantage be even further extended—it will be of use to students of stage matters. No attempt is made by Blanchard to supply an account of the story such as Genest furnishes, and the following may be taken as a specimen of the kind of information now rendered accessible:—"8 March, 1880. In evening walk to Sadler's Wells and back to see *Othello*. Talbot's *Othello* very rough, Vezin's *Iago* very good, Miss Carlisle as *Desdemona* winning"; or "4 April, 1885.—Sims's drama, *The Last Chance*, produced at the Adelphi; intricate plot, and too lengthy; but a success attained." Mr. Howard's notes supply particulars as to the subject of the play and its cast. Not absolutely exact is the information, a few mistakes having crept in through the fact that the memory of the biographers does not reach back so far as that of the diarist. Somewhat comically, in one case a character in dramatic fiction is presented as a fellow-

journalist of Blanchard. As a whole, the volume is as trustworthy as compilations of the kind generally are. Blanchard's memory, except in his latest years, was good; but he was given to playing innocent tricks upon the gullible, and was humorously charged at times with placing the scene of some actual event—such, say, as the death of Chatterton—in any postal district which he happened to be traversing with a fairly credulous companion.

In presenting a picture of Blanchard's social life the biography is delightful. Popular rather than eminent, Blanchard, in a conversation hitherto unrecorded, said that the principal cause of his popularity was that he stood in nobody's way. This was true in a sense at least. Without feeling with Landor,

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,

he had a disinclination to mingle in a fray, and a modesty and an indulgence to others altogether removed from the self-assertion necessary to conspicuous success. Looked at from the Puritan standpoint his life is not wholly edifying. Writing not seldom his notices in a Strand public-house, familiar with the names of the waiters in every tavern between Ludgate Hill and Charing Cross, and in many outlying quarters, as ever was Prince Hal with "a leash of drawers"; loving a sanded floor, and finding his pleasure in a stroll through Cobham Woods, with a glass of beer at a wayside inn, or in sitting, when his work was over, at past midnight, in a club till the break of the summer dawn, smoking a clay pipe and drinking gin and water, he presents, it might be held, a picture, self-painted, of what seems a Bohemian of commonplace type. To a man of robust, as opposed to valetudinarian virtue, however, Blanchard shows himself a gentleman whom Thackeray might have depicted, and whom Lamb would have hailed as a friend. To say of a writer who earned by his pen thirty years ago an income so small as to seem incredible that he was incapable of an unchivalrous action, of a man of the theatrical world beset by subtle forms of temptation that indulgence never developed into excess and that a breath of scandal never fell upon him, and of a humourist and raconteur that there was no spoken word of his that a father would regret that his son should have heard, is to depict a character that may stand against most that Pharisaism ordinarily holds up for our admiration.

To the full comprehension of Blanchard a revelation such as is afforded by his biographers is necessary. A blameless life is a natural result of a warm and constant affection for a woman, crossed and thwarted through years, and only gratified when the autumn of life has been reached. By the caressing diminutive of Carina, Blanchard speaks throughout his diary of the woman who, loved and lost in early years, came to give his declining days the first glow of domestic happiness. How keenly alive to family ties was Blanchard may be gathered from the same pages. The pitiful income which during his most active years Blanchard derived was seriously reduced by the responsibility he accepted of supporting his relatives. In the case of a mother who lived to be ninety the contribution was natural. In that of younger relatives, who might and should have supported themselves, it was an oppressive burden. Singularly reticent in character, Blanchard does not confide even to his diary many particulars of his domestic relations and of the nature and extent of the claims upon him. We find him owing, however, once, at a period when his entire year's income was 266*l.*, that 60*l.* of that sum had been given to one pensioner. It is difficult to believe how underpaid Blanchard was. At a time when he was writing the pantomimes for Drury Lane and for various other theatres, supplying entertainments, plays, songs, and what not, and doing the ordinary drudgery of a journalist, his income, carefully entered in his diary, is declared to be 139*l.* 14*s.*, or 146*l.* 10*s.* A word of complaint is rarely heard, though he places on record, without comment, the fact that he is paid for the *Era Almanack* 30*l.*, and that he had expended on it 140 days, and places in juxtaposition the fact that the proprietor is purchasing an estate. Ten shillings an act seems to have been given him for plays, a sum altogether inconceivable when the remuneration of the modern dramatist is taken into account. After he was engaged upon the staff of a daily paper, and obtained a small permanent income, he received higher terms all round.

The mysteries of Spiritualism had a strong fascination for him, and he credited himself with the possession of some qualities as a medium. His piety was sincere, and most years of his diary close with expressions of thankfulness for the blessings he has enjoyed. His diary would be more painful to read were it not evident that his complaints were expressions of temporary feeling rather than of absolute conviction. To this fact he bears unconscious testimony. At the close of the year 1868 he speaks of himself as one "who has not known this year a moment's peace, a day's health, or a week's holiday"; and again, as "utterly overwhelmed with domestic misery"; and a few lines lower he solemnly thanks God for "the health and pecuniary prosperity" of the year.

The notes from the diary of William Blanchard are amusing so far as they go. Mr. Scott supplies a sympathetic sketch of a man with whom in work and in social life he was closely allied. Portraits of the two Blanchards, father and son, and of John Oxenford are supplied.

\* *The Life and Reminiscences of E. L. Blanchard; with Notes from the Diary of W. M. Blanchard.* By Clement Scott and Cecil Howard. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.

## THE STORY OF THE ERE-DWELLERS.\*

IN respect to workmanship, the second volume of the Saga Library is worthy of the first. The stories, indeed—the Eyrbyggja Saga and the Heiðarviga Saga—are not among the best for personal interest and epic unity of narrative. But the “Story of the Heath-Slayings,” a fragment, is extremely ancient, and few sagas are richer than the Eyrbyggja in curious details of law, custom, and belief. As for the style of translation, it is that which Messrs. Morris and Magnússon think the best representative of old Icelandic; and, though to others it may seem affected, it is perfectly intelligible. The central figure of the Eyrbyggja—Snorri—has the cunning of an Icelandic Odysseus without his courage and charm. But the interest, owing to the chronicle of events outside of the main stream of the tale, is decidedly scattered. The saga, as the editors remark, is closely connected with the Landnámabók; which is, indeed, to some extent, the source. The saga was apparently written between 1230–1262 A.D. The editors believe the writer to have been an inmate of the monastery of Holyfell, probably Hall, the abbot. Seemingly he had not access to the saga of Njal and his burning, nor to that of Grettir, and so was unacquainted with Snorri's share in these matters. It is most interesting to learn that the writer knew a saga of Eric the Red, the settler of Greenland, now no longer extant. The tale of Biorn's meeting with Gudleif in an unknown land is regarded as mere romance, suggested by Thorfin Karlsefni's saga and the Icelandic discovery of America.

We cannot hope here to give a complete account of the history in the saga. It opens with the migrations to Iceland in Harold Fairhair's day. Remarkable is the attention to the Oracles of Thor, “the Word showed Thorolf to Iceland,” and he took with him, not only his temple timbers, but the holy earth from under the seat where the statue of Thor had sat; then he landed where the pillars of Thor guided him when he had cast them overboard. Then he hallowed his lands with fire, erected a temple, and established the Doom-ring and the Blood-bowl. Other settlers arrive; there are conflicting interests; Ufar, an old man, and childless, dies in a duel rather than be cowed by a younger warrior; the defilement of a holy place causes a fight. The death of Thorstein is heralded by a vision of an open mountain, wherein the dead hold revel, and Thorstein Codbiter, that enthusiastic angler, is bidden to join his fathers. There are many magic dealings. Geirrid, Thorolf's daughter, is a notable witch. In a fight, a lady named Aud ends the blows by casting clothes over the weapons, as Lucky McCleary parted the Baron and Balmawhapple with her plaid. Scott had been busy with the saga when writing *Waverley*, and may have borrowed the idea. More luckless than the Lucky, Aud had her hand cut off. Katla performs great feats of glamour, as in a fairy tale, changing her son Odd, whom men sought to slay, into a rock, a boar, a he-goat; but the superior magic of Geirrid brings him to his death; Odd is hanged, and Katla is stoned with stones. Hypnotism was a great force, apparently, in those days. There is a capital story of two Bareserks, most compromising allies. One of them, wishing to marry Stir's daughter, and having no money to purchase her, is set to do “some great deed for this bridal,” in the manner “of men of old,” and of fairy tales everywhere. This mode of bride-winning is also known to Homer. Of the works the Bareserks built “there are still tokens,” two hundred years or more after the event. But the poor Bareserks are boiled, like a villain of Mr. James Payn's, in a bath-house, by the treachery of Stir.

As is common in the sagas, an able-bodied ghost haunts the Ere-dwellers. A dead man sits in his own high seat, and “walks” after he has been buried, slaying men and cattle. His body is also of a supernatural weight, and it is necessary to build a very high wall round his grave. Good fights are here, of course, in plenty; the last fight of Arnkell in his own hayloft is among the best. But we have hardly time to enjoy a hero's acquaintance before sword or arrow, axe or spear, makes an end of him. A strange fight is fought on a frozen firth, among the ice-floes sloping from the skerry. It is pleasant to think of Hall, the Abbot of Holyfell, recording all these great sword-strokes, with more sympathy than we expect from a man of peace. But, after all, very pacific persons have written most about fighting:—

Take Dr. Southey from the shelf,  
An I.L.D., a peaceful man,  
Good Lord! how he doth plume himself  
Because we beat the Corsican.

One battle reminds the reader of a fight in Mr. Haggard's *Eric Brighteyes*, a notable duel, because it appeared to have been suggested by the combat for two between the Messrs. Crummles. One warrior jumps over the sword with which another cuts at his legs, just like Master Crummles; but it seems that this was quite a recognized feat in saga-times, as Steinthor not only does the jump, but throws a shield over a friend, and smites the leg off an enemy “in one and the same nick of time.” This may have been possible to heroes in a real saga, but in a modern one “they will not do so.” They were an enduring race; witness Snorri Thorbrandson, who, at dinner after a tussle, could not swallow his meat. An arrow-head was sticking athwart his

gullet; Snorri the Priest dragged it out, and then the other Snorri proved a good trencher-man. By the way, though the author may not have had a copy of *Njala* by him, he knows the story of the siege of Gunnar of Lithend in his own house (p. 132). This certainly throws some doubt on the editor's statement (p. xxiv) that he “had no Njal's saga to refer to.” He may have been acquainted with certain incidents in that saga, or the editors may possibly have overlooked this reference. As for Snorri Thorbrandson, the hero of the arrow in the throat, he died in battle with the Skraelings in America (Vineland the Good). Will no one follow Mr. Kipling's hint and tell us “the finest story in the world,” that of the Icelanders in America? It is mixed up with the portents at Frodis-water, after the death of Thor-gunnar, when a strange half-moon went withershins about the house, “nor did it vanish away while folk sat by the fires. . . . Thorir said it was the Moon of Weird, ‘and the deaths of men will follow thereafter,’ says he.” It was at this time that the Dead walked, and were called into a legal court and evicted. No more typical example of Northern imagination exists in the sagas. Indeed, we know not how to understand it, nor can we see how men of such iron nerve were capable of being so beguiled by fancy. The tale of the Bull, Glossy, must be read in the translation itself—a mere abstract would spoil it.

The Heath-slaying story is very brief, a fragment, and less rich in pictures of manners and superstitions. Both, naturally, are full of matter for the student of early law. The notes are learned and ample. The discussion of the arrangements in the *skali*, or hall, are valuable. Many points, as, for example, of blind mad panic, are illustrated from ancient Irish documents. The custom of praying to Odin in the ancestral burying-place recalls the habits of the Hottentots and other ancestor-worshippers. From the many stories of weapons that failed to bite, the editors conjecture that really good blades—as Kar's short sword—were of foreign and southern make. On the “weird moon” at Frodis-water the editors can throw no light. “The mention of this portent is only found here, and no allusion exists to it elsewhere in the literature that we know of.” Neither is the present reviewer acquainted with any such allusion; but, curiously enough, he has himself seen the phenomenon to which the story probably refers—to account for it he does not pretend. The puzzling “twirl-spear” (p. 170) may be illustrated by javelins from the African interior behind Zanzibar. The butt has a kind of rifled or “twirled” piece of iron, about an inch and a half in length, by which, as the editors suggest, “it was made to twirl round in the air for a steadier flight and a surer aim.”

Genealogies, and an excellent index, complete a book which is a delightful gift to English literature and the study, not only of the North, but of the heroic age all over the world.

## NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Messrs. Goupil & Co., 116 New Bond Street, a fine example of modern French etching. This is a reproduction, by M. Charles Courty, of the “Staff Officer Reconnoitring” of Meissonier. M. Courty is an extremely clever etcher, trained under Flameng and Gaucherel, whose best traditions he has preserved. We already owe to him several transcripts of Meissonier: “1814,” “Les Amateurs d'Estampes,” and, if we are not mistaken, “Le Maréchal de Saxe.” The present plate is of somewhat larger size than this etcher commonly affects. The old general, his cocked hat drawn down over his eyes, stands, in lost profile, on the edge of a high terrace commanding the valley, with its thin woods and chalky cliffs. His aide-de-camp holds his master's horse and rides his own. Nothing in this fine work is scamped. The details of the uniforms and of the features of the two men are minutely and finely rendered, yet nothing is sacrificed in breadth or richness. The dark horses are admirably rendered. There could scarcely be desired a finer specimen of Meissonier's military still-life of the second class. The *remarque* on the signed parchment proofs is the outline of a cuirassier on horseback.

The art of reproducing coloured drawings in facsimile has now been pushed to a perfection which is almost perilous. If it is possible for two guineas to become possessed of such a rendering of “The Isle of Love” of Watteau as Messrs. Goupil & Co. have sent us, we shudder to think to what lengths of infamy the intentional forger may proceed undetected. The difficulty of obtaining beautiful and delicate gradations of hue seems to have been wholly overcome. Few more hazardous schemes of the kind can ever have been dreamed of than to reproduce the faint opaline blue of the creeks and promontories of the island in this fascinating piece of artificiality; yet the thing has been done. For evil as well as for good, it is practically Watteau himself that is presented to us. Another picture reproduced in colours is Mme. Vigée-Lebrun's famous portrait of herself, bare to the waist, clasping in her arms her little daughter, who wears a dark-blue robe. The said arms, tapering and elegant as they are, seem rather flatly painted; but that is doubtless the fault of the fair she-master herself.

From the same publishers we have received a large number of the small monochromes in autotype which they circulate at Christmas, most of them taken from well-known paintings. Here is a series of the months, dressed like exquisite Incroyables, after

\* *The Story of the Ere-Dwellers*. The Saga Library, Vol. II. Edited by William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon. London: Quaritch. 1891.



Kammerer; Ingomar's "Le Passeur," a strong fellow carrying two laughing girls across a stream; the "Tendres Adieux" and "Mauvais Accueil" of Delort; Greuze's ever-popular "La Cruche Cassée"; and many others no less entertaining or sentimental.

#### MEDICAL BOOKS.\*

THE principle upon which Dr. Ballantyne has written his book is this—that, instead of describing the diseases of infants individually, it is better to go fully into the special anatomical and physiological conditions which modify their course. We think it a sound one; but of course it presupposes that a good knowledge of medicine has already been acquired by the reader, and therefore is only suitable for advanced students. The diseases which are peculiar to infants the author proposes to consider in a future work. The argument in the introductory chapter, proving the propriety of a thorough knowledge on the part of the practitioner of medicine of the morbid conditions which are apt to occur during the earliest years of life, is unnecessarily elaborate; it is surely sufficiently obvious that he should be fitted to minister to those who will form more than half of his patients. We, however, endorse his opinion that the passage of an examination in the diagnosis and treatment of the diseases of infancy and childhood should be an essential in obtaining any diploma. We think that instruction in these subjects should be given in children's wards attached to general hospitals rather than in special ones; the latter being more expensive, inconvenient to teachers and students, and open to other objections. The author concisely states the greater difficulties in the clinical investigation of infantile as compared with adult diseases, dependent upon anatomical peculiarities and want of full information concerning the physiology, symptomatology, and pathology of early life, as well as certain technical difficulties inseparable from the examination of the very young. He then mentions the principal points to be borne in mind in diagnosing infantile maladies. We gather that the qualities particularly necessary to the children's doctor are acute observation, patience, gentleness, and tact. The next five chapters are occupied by a description of the anatomy of infancy, together with special directions for the clinical examination of the spine, thorax, abdomen, pelvis, and extremities. Chapters vii. and viii. treat of the physiology of the digestive system, and full instructions for the proper feeding of infants are given. The next three chapters are upon the physiology of dentition, and the management of the patient while it is proceeding; the peculiarities of the circulatory and respiratory systems, and the special characters of the urinary and cutaneous arrangements. We would venture to predict that, when Dr. Ballantyne has had longer practice, he will look with less suspicion on the gum-lancet. The instant relief afforded by its use in very many cases, and the fact that, if a sharp clean instrument be used, harm can scarcely result, justify, in our opinion, somewhat frequent recourse to it. A case is mentioned where he was very glad that he did not scarify the gums because the source of the child's sufferings was subsequently made plain by a discharge of pus from the ear. This, however, is open to the criticism that, had the gums been lanced in time, the abscess in the ear might quite possibly have never occurred. The last two chapters, on the hygiene of infancy are excellent; but we must differ from the author in his opinion that bovine lymph is slightly less regular and to be relied upon in its action than human virus, our experience with Dr. Renner's calf-lymph having led us to an exactly opposite conclusion.

There is perhaps no branch of knowledge in which greater advances have been made during the past thirty years than that of physiology. We are forcibly reminded of this on comparing McKendrick's excellent text-book of the subject with those in use in our student days. In many departments it has attained the definiteness of an exact science; but there are certain psychological problems, e.g., the nature of consciousness and the mode of its connexion with the brain-cells, which are unsolved and not improbably insoluble. Much of this good physiological work has been done in Britain by Huxley, Ferrier, Carpenter, Ray Lankester, and many others, in spite of the manner in which our biologists are handicapped by the Vivisection Acts. Of all the sciences bearing upon medicine this is both the most abstruse and the most full of interest, and though it must be admitted that the medical student of the present day has to acquire an almost appalling amount of knowledge, yet the pursuit of it is of a most absorbing character, and he is aided by the best of instructors and books.

#### NEW MUSIC.

IT is indeed a pleasure to review music of the excellence of that composed by M. de Nevers, which is not only melodious, but, in every way, of exceptional merit. French romances are apt to be rather milk-and-water, both as regards their music and their words. This is not the case with those by M. de

Nevers, who selects words by distinguished poets, which his music illustrates to admiration. "Etoiles filantes"—words by M. Jean Richepin—is a very lovely song, graceful, original, and extremely well harmonized. Fantastical, both as regards words and music, is another setting of a strikingly original, but gloomy, poem by Richepin, "Le Mort Maudit." "Au Jardin de mon Cœur" is also a very pretty song, with a graceful melody and quaint words by the same remarkable poet. "Le Merle à la glu" is bright and pretty. The setting of Alfred de Musset's "Adieu, Suzon" is quite charming. "Philidor and Amaryllis" is a graceful little duet for two sopranos, which Miss Beata Francis and Miss Helen Meason have already popularized in this country. The above songs are published by V. Dusdilly et Cie., Paris, and here, by the way, we must protest against the exceeding ugliness of the designs of the covers. There was a time when French musical publishers stood alone in the art of designing charming wrappers for music; but of late they have permitted the Italians, notably Ricordi, and even "ces Anglais," to excel them in this direction. Anything more deplorably hideous than the cover to "Etoiles filantes" we have never beheld. It almost spoils our interest in a noteworthy ballad. "A Brindisi" is another of M. de Nevers's compositions which M. Gailhard has often sung here with success in concerts. It has, however, less merit than the songs we have just criticized. An "O Salutaris" has all the requisite religious sentiment, and is strikingly original. "Amore in Gondola," so often sung by M. Edouard de Reszké, is a delightful barcarole in sol-minor, and, finally, we have received "Un Prélude" of M. de Nevers which is the only one of his compositions for which we have almost unreserved praise. These last-named works are published by Schott & Co., of London, Brussels, and Paris.

"Christien Thomsen" has recently set to music of a high order the incidental songs and dances introduced into Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It would be unfair to review this music with the critical attention it deserves until we hear it rendered with full orchestral and choral accompaniment. However, so far as we are able to judge from the MS. of the piano score, it is undoubtedly singularly picturesque, original, and appropriate to the splendid themes it is intended to illustrate. The Overture to *The Tempest*, which includes a storm, interrupted by light and fantastic intervals, intended to emphasize the fairy element of the play, is a very notable performance. "Come unto these yellow sands," for soprano, with chorus, is a charming number, written in the style of Handel; and the setting of "Where the bee sucks" is the equal in beauty to the famous one by Arne, which, however, it in no sense recalls. The Masque music is, perhaps, the best of all. It is written for soprano and contralto, with full chorus, and includes a very stately minuet, recalling, yet not imitating, Rameau. Not less remarkable is the music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The beautiful Prelude to the play, the duet—soprano and contralto—"I know a bank," a fine March, very classical in tone, and another minuet complete this score, which, when due justice is done it, will, we feel persuaded, be appreciated at its value.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY the retirement of M. Jouaust, who has, we believe, handed over his business to M. Flammarion, Paris loses a publisher who during the last two or three decades has done at least as much as any other—we think more than any other—to provide lovers of pretty books with what they love. Issued generally, if not invariably, with the imprint "Librairie des Bibliophiles," on various descriptions of choice paper, always in beautiful type, and giving carefully edited, and even more carefully "read" texts, generally embellished by etchings from the most eminent hands of the day, and on the whole sold at remarkably moderate prices, M. Jouaust's publications have, during the period we have mentioned, put a very large part of the best work in French literature on the book-lover's shelves, with all the mechanical advantages that a reasonable connoisseur can desire. Some "whimsicals" have, we believe, charged against these pretty books a somewhat too great uniformity, and not enough spontaneous and individual fancy in the devising of title-pages and cuts, *lettrines* and colophons. But this is carping, not criticism, and, as Mr. Traill's judge remarked of another matter, "a style of writing 'ighly to be deprecated." We have neither the room nor the memory to mention a twentieth or fiftieth part of the books with which, either singly or in the collections called *Bibliothèque artistique*, *Petite Bibliothèque artistique*, and so on, M. Jouaust has enriched libraries. But we may cite, just as they occur to us, MM. de Montaiglon and Raynaud's excellent and much-wanted collection of the *Fabliaux*, the handsome series of sixteenth-century *Contes*, a beautiful issue of Musset's Theatre, the handy and charming single-play edition of Molière which M. Vitu superintended—but we perceive that we should never leave off, and therefore we will break off, only hoping that some one will be found to carry on the torch which M. Jouaust has so faithfully kept alight.

When one opens Mme. Edgar Quinet's *Le vrai dans l'éducation* (1) and finds such sentences as "L'histoire est le Dernier

(1) *Le vrai dans l'éducation*. Par Mme. Edgar Quinet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

\* *An Introduction to the Diseases of Infancy*. By J. W. Ballantyne, M.D., F.R.C.P.E. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1891.

*A Text-Book of Physiology*. By John Gray McKendrick. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1891.

Jugement" (as to which it may be observed in passing that, if so, there is a most heart-breaking number of Courts of Appeal in that judicature), that "Tacite a refait la conscience humaine," that "L'enfant entrera ainsi dans la vie muni de ces blanches ailes qui le soutiendront," &c., there may be a slight temptation to shake the head and smile. This kind of style—"high, far-shining, empty," as it was once called—is very well known in the works of the writer's husband, and of a good many other people, and it too often deserves the unkind description. However, to do Quinet himself justice, there was usually something behind his phrases, and so there is behind these phrases of his widow's. The book can hardly be called a treatise on education, and it is certainly very far from being a methodical treatise on anything. But it is a sort of survey of the spirit and temper of the day, with special reference to the influences which should be brought to bear on the young, and (except in relation to religious matters, where the weak point is of course to be anticipated and allowed for beforehand) it is a survey of a sufficiently sound and reasonable kind. It perhaps requires stronger remedies than Mme. Quinet's amiable eloquence to cure the effects of the pessimist quackery which has so long drenched and drugged France; but in some readers, at any rate, it is not impossible that her teaching may act as a preventive, if not as a cure. It is well adjusted to the French nature; what seems slightly ludicrous in it would not strike a Frenchman, even a "psychologist" or a "symbolist," as necessarily absurd at all; and its undogmatic character may suit those who would reject dogma. At any rate, it cannot possibly do any harm, and that is no small matter.

Mr. Clarke's edition of the *Misanthrope* (2) is on a slighter and less ambitious scale than Mr. Markheim's, on which we commented last week; but it is quite sufficient for ordinary lower-form school use, if, indeed, the *Misanthrope* can be said to be an ordinary lower-form school-play. We hardly think it is; but undoubtedly it is so used, and Mr. Clarke has provided an edition very fairly suited for the use. But why should he water down "il se barbouille fort" to the feeble dictionary version, "he compromises himself greatly"? It is simply "he makes a great mess of it," or "puts his foot in it." And if Mr. Clarke wanted to introduce the *Plain Dealer*, he surely might have read it and given his own opinion of it, instead of saying that "Macaulay's criticism of the latter play shows it to have been far more deserving than the *Misanthrope* of that censure which J.-J. Rousseau in 1758 poured on Molière—the "ridiculer of uprightness." M. Jacques Vincent's *Vaillante* (3) is good French, if not very specially adapted for an "Army Holiday Series." The three latest additions (4) to Messrs. Percival's Modern French Series are all good. Champfleury's *Violon de Faïence* is always agreeable; agreeable is too mild a word for Musset's *Pierre et Camille* and the *Histoire d'un Merle Blanc*, and *Pêcheur d'Islande* is undoubtedly for the purpose the best example of the latest French Academic style. All the editors have done their work well, and Mr. Morich, the general editor of the series, is particularly to be commended for the exactitude with which he has thought out idiomatic correspondences in French and English.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

LIKE Mr. Herbert Spencer, with whose views on the State and its functions he is, in the main, in sympathy, M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu—*The Modern State* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)—is by no means willing to admit that the individual should perish and the State machine wax more and more. He has a wholesome dislike of formulas and theories that are opposed to the facts of experience. He has a summary way of dealing with the airy abstractions of socialistic theorists. There is that ingenious economist, for instance, Dr. Schäffle, who treats of the functions of society as if they were proper to a real body of flesh and blood, of which body the State is the brain. Such physiological analogies are, as M. Beaulieu has no difficulty in proving, merely sentimental and fanciful. No doubt, in theory, the State is nothing but beneficent, impartial, and the initiator of every phase of development in human progress. In practice, however, it does, and ever must while progress works in alliance with stability, lag a long way behind the energy and foresight of the individual. The State, as M. Beaulieu observes, is an abstraction that few minds can grasp. By "the Modern State" he means, what all political speakers mean who desire to increase the prerogatives and obligations of the State—the Government of the day, elected by the vote of a majority, and almost invariably pledged to extreme legislation, either in the way of action or reaction. The Modern State has "ever before its eyes the terror of the elector, and especially of the active and agitating elector." The modern development of party government and popular control in France supplies M. Beaulieu with some telling illustrations of the mischievous pressure brought to bear upon the heads of departments. For example, a

(2) *Molière's Misanthrope*. Edited by G. H. Clarke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Vaillante*. Par J. Vincent. "Army Holiday Series." London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Le violon de faïence*. Edited by C. Bévenot. *Pierre et Camille*. Edited by W. Dewar. *Pêcheur d'Islande*. Edited by R. J. Morich. London: Percival.

Minister of Agriculture is expected to undertake some work on a large scale. What does he do? He undoes the wise and statesmanlike labours of Colbert in the matter of woods and forests at the bidding of an ignorant outcry inspired by political agitators. To be governed by electoral influence, as M. Beaulieu thinks, imperils the security of the country, and renders real progress impossible. His remarks on legislation may be profitably studied by English readers, many of whom must agree with his sarcastic approval of the "massacre of the innocents" in the English Parliament, which he regards as "often the best piece of work it does in the whole session." Fussy, ill-regulated legislation, however, is, as he shows, common to the Modern State in all countries where the voice of "the people" is manipulated for party uses by politicians.

*The Spirit of Man* (Longmans & Co.) is "an essay in Christian philosophy" by the Rev. Arthur Chandler, in the course of which the author upholds with much energy and conviction the personal freedom and responsibility of the individual Christian in all that concerns knowledge and conduct. The individual, Mr. Chandler argues, is not necessarily an individualist, and in his discourse on "Virtue" and "Freedom" (ch. iv. and v.) he maintains his position with equal force and consistency. "Many Christians," he observes, "whether theologians or not, may resent the intrusion of philosophy into matters of religion." We may add further that there may be many whose acuteness of mind is insufficient to appreciate Mr. Chandler's subtle distinction between individuality and individualism. But he is fully successful in proving the difference between a Christian philosophy and a philosophy of Christianity, with the result, we trust, of allaying the scruples of those who look not kindly upon a philosophy of religion.

Mr. Robert Bruce Boswell has attempted a hardy task in his "new translation" of Voltaire—*Zadig; and other Tales* (Bell & Sons)—which is contributed to the "Novelists" section of Bohn's Libraries. The volume includes *Zadig*, *Candide*, and *L'Ingénu*, a selection that must be accounted representative of all that is characteristic of Voltairean irony and satire. Mr. Boswell's rendering is not invariably spirited, though, on the whole, careful and close. But, like other translators, he has occasionally mitigated the frankness of the original by employing a squeamish paraphrase and giving the French text in a footnote. This kind of delicacy is so very delicate it may be said to be altogether inappreciable.

Mr. Lowell's charming essays—*My Study Windows* (Sampson Low & Co.)—will be very welcome to all who like pocket editions. The print of this little book is clear, and the matter, as everybody knows, comprises the best of Mr. Lowell's criticism of books and men and editors.

Mr. Lowell did not greatly approve of the "Aldine" edition of the poets. He considered the *Chaucer*, for example, one of the worst of many bad editions of that poet. But he must have been more kindly disposed to the *Spenser*, edited by J. Payne Collier (Bell & Sons), of which we have a reprint in five volumes. The *Life* of the poet by Mr. Collier is an example of criticism and research that has by no means been superseded by the labours of subsequent editors, while the text, type, paper, and general making of these volumes are almost entirely admirable.

Mr. J. Logie Robertson, in his edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, and the *Castle of Indolence* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), exhibits the zeal of the annotator somewhat exuberantly. The *Castle of Indolence* is said to be now, "for the first time, fully annotated." Perhaps the same claim may be put forth, in the like sense, for Mr. Robertson's profuse notes on the *Seasons*. The full annotation of a poem may, of course, imply much that is purely superfluous. We fear it must be admitted there is the fulness that is best described as a plethora in Mr. Robertson's annotation, though there is much, no doubt, that is excellently relevant and illustrative.

Mr. Denton J. Snider's *Homer in Chios* (St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.) is an "Epogee" of the age of Homer, written in that trying measure—attempted by Longfellow and Charles Kingsley—which is supposed to be the English equivalent to the hexameter. In the course of Mr. Snider's poetic narrative, Homer is presented, together with Hesiod, King David, and an ancestor of Sappho, herself a Sappho. There is also a crabbed pedagogue, one Typtodes, who delivers himself of a pleasant criticism of the Homeric verse:—

And I hold the hexameter is not fit for your poem,  
Which, so rapid in movement, should not be delayed by the meter;  
If you only had asked me, I could have told you a better.

And many a better we could have "told" Mr. Snider.

The most pleasing feature of Mr. J. F. Tattersall's little volume of verse—*The Baptism of the Viking* (Simpkin & Co.; Burnley: Lupton)—is the tasteful rendering of ancient legends, Christian and Talmudic. "The Legend of St. Carpus," "Orin," and "The Rabbi and the Prophet," are graceful examples of this kind of poetic art. Mr. Tattersall's verse is something more than correct and pleasant. It is musical, and the music is occasionally decidedly individual in quality. The stanzas "On a fine day in February," for instance, are delicately wrought, and happily harmonized with the sentiment of the poet. But it cannot be said that the author is successful in avoiding reminiscent or imitative notes. "To a Nightingale" obviously echoes a famous lyric of Shelley's, and "Dying at Springtide," with one or two other pieces, are not less clearly Tennysonian.



We have also received Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright, with notes and introduction, and *The First Book of the Kings*, edited by the Rev. T. Rawson Lumby, D.D. (Cambridge: at the University Press), a recent addition to the excellent "Smaller Cambridge Bible" for schools and bible-classes.

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